

2013 Golden Jubilee edition

BIHAR YOGA®

High on Waves

Compositions by Swami Satyananda Saraswati



Yoga Publications Trust, Munger, Bihar, India

*High
on
Waves*

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In humility we
offer this to
Swamí Sívananda Saraswatí,
who
inspired and guided
Swamí Satyananda Saraswatí.







High on Waves is a compilation of Swami Satyananda Saraswati's poems, spanning several decades. These pure, simple and sattvic verses are like the waves of Sri Swamiji's inner Ganga, which bathe the reader in bhakti and faith, and take one on a pilgrimage to higher dimensions of consciousness.

From childhood, Sri Swamiji's penchant for spiritual composition was evident. At the age of fifteen, he translated the classical text, *Vairagya Shatak*, by Sage Bhartrihari from Sanskrit to Hindi. Such inspiration could only be a manifestation of sadhanas and samskaras from previous lives.

After he left home, the writing continued. At his guru's ashram in Rishikesh, the flowers of his sentiments were offered at Swami Sivananda's feet through songs to guru as the source of all knowledge. Thereafter, whether living as a *parivrajaka*, wandering mendicant, or leading a world yoga movement, Sri Swamiji always found moments to inscribe in verse the voice of his soul.

As these verse songs have been written over a wide period of time, they provide glimpses of the different stages of spiritual life that a sadhaka can pass through. They contain the inspiration of a spiritual aspirant and also the wisdom of a realized saint, as well as the knowledge of the Bhagavad Gita, the Upanishads, the Vedas and the Puranas. The subjects are vast, but each composition will awaken in us the purest and most sublime sentiments.

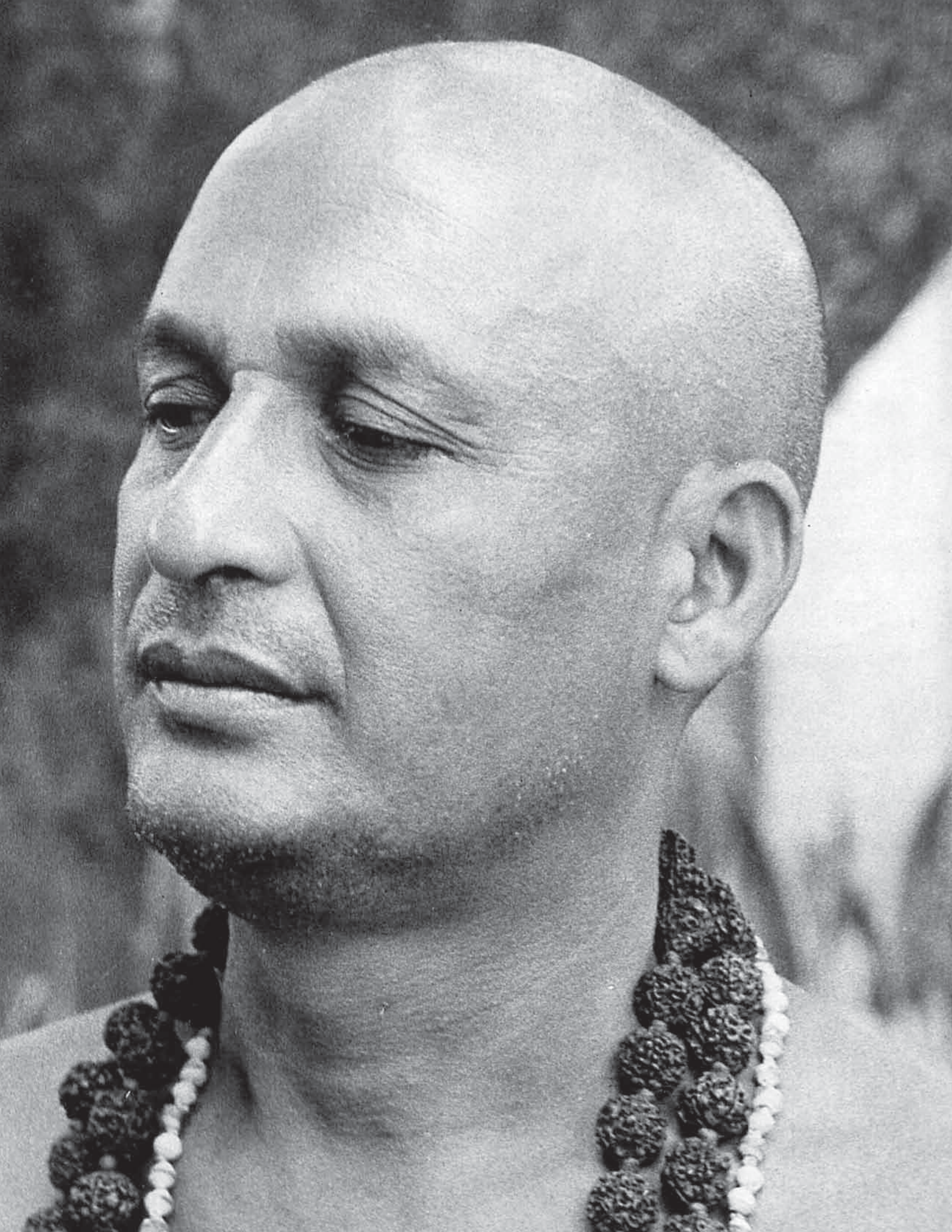
Sri Swamiji called these creations 'High on Waves'. The poems do not necessarily follow a standard rhythm or metre, for when a saint's heart vibrates to divine notes verses are created spontaneously. Traditional rules of grammar or syntax no longer apply, as their significance lies in their inspiration.

As Sri Swamiji says:

*That which has neither note nor tone,
That which does not recognize speed or cadence,
For the special listener, let me sing such songs.*

Every word in this collection will inspire the faithful, filled as they are with the fragrance of a saint's inner world.





The Last Journey

You have gone on a journey in your youthful days
Of seeking and wondering who you are
And what is the meaning and purpose of all.
Journey on bravely, have no fear,
For now you are no longer alone.
You are protected by a mantle of love
And unseen hands guide and direct you.
Though your footsteps may falter, your strength seem weak,
Be assured you will reach that goal which you seek.
Journey on bravely and if you feel tired,
Give yourself time to pause and reflect
On the glory of the sublime heights before you.
For if you get too fatigued you may fall prey
To temptations and thoughts of return.

What have you left that demands your return?
Your days of worldly ambition are over,
Though you may not yet have fully grasped this fact.
You still feel you belong neither here nor there,
But in truth you are already with me.
You have realized the emptiness of worldly life,
Yet have not attained to other planes of existence.

You are not certain of where you belong,
But I know who you are and where your home is
And where you will find all the things that you seek.
What is past is over and cannot be restored.
It was all a part of the journey of your soul
And your search to find your real self.

You have begun to realize what you really are
And what the purpose of your life really is.
If you return to the world now you will be lost
And your life will have been spent in vain.
O child, keep your eyes fixed always on the goal!
You are my child who has returned to me.
Let me see who can keep you from me now.
You are surrounded by love and by light.



Festival of Life

O Penance, where have you descended from
With your rhythms, offerings and garlands
To celebrate your festival of life
In this austere sannyasin's hut?
Which grief of the past have you come to exhaust here
Where only countless freezing nights
And scorching days pass to mark the seasons?

At the fireplace in front, the flames so often kindled
Dance and sing, fanned high by the wind,
Only to be extinguished by passing storms,
Then rekindled again.
Countless fire ceremonies took place like this.

Many crows and monkeys also took refuge here
And innumerable grief-stricken people found relief.
This torn geru cloth witnessed the coming and going
Of a multitude who bowed their heads to it.
While I remained naked, drenched by rains,
Roasted by fire and sun
On heaps of burning sand, ever absorbed in you.
I developed logic by reading all the scriptures.
My knowledge awakened and meditation occurred.
With mantra siddhi and control over spirits
I am replete.
Having renounced enjoyment,
I became pure and liberated.
The sky, sea, so many mountains and Shiva temples
I am king of all.
Renouncing everything, free from all doubts
Today I walk the divine path,
An image of illumination
On land and in the sky.

And now you come with your brilliant lamp
To brighten my hut,
With your flowing stream of compassion
To lighten and soften the austere life of this sannyasin.
Now my life will be joyful, with many festivals.



In the womb of penance,
Knowledge awakens.
With scores of cherished dreams
Today my bed is decorated.
Penance has come this time
To awaken me
And make me laugh.
Today I am content;
Come let us celebrate
This festival of life
By working for mankind.

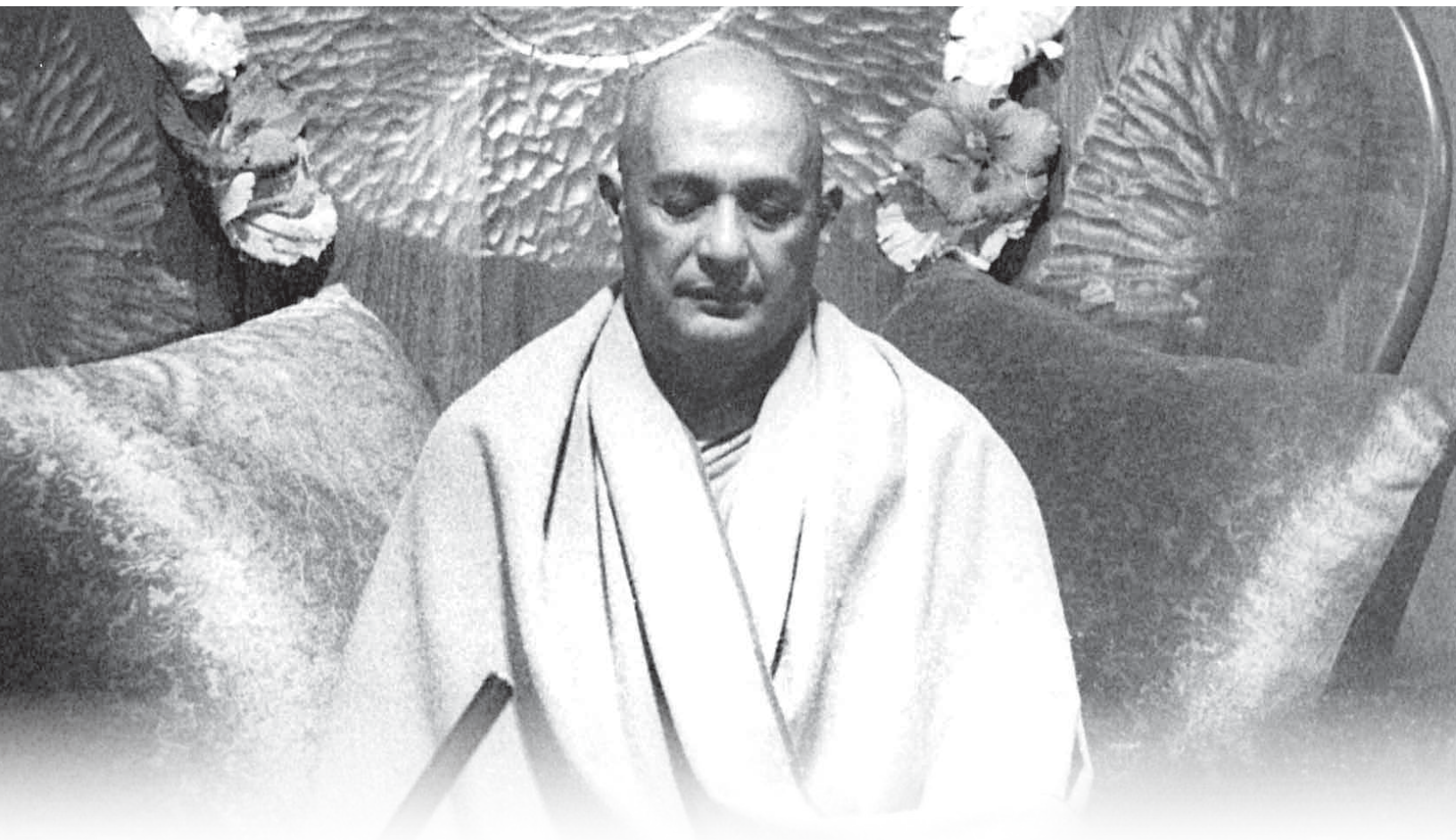




O Traveller

O Traveller,
Consider it well
Before you take to this path.
There is no rest
And no facilities on this path.
And carrying the burden of life,
O Traveller,
You have to go very far.
The path is full of ups and downs
And heavy winds and storms.
It is not a world of dreams
And it is difficult to proceed.
Yet this life is as soft as flowers
And has the sweetness of honey.
The dreams of this life are colourful
But not easy to achieve.
Awaken the light of jnana
By means of japa and niyama
And on the basis of dharma and karma
Continue treading towards your goal.





White Swan

You have to mount a white swan,
Make sure that you're balanced and firm.
If you sit in the right way
His feathers will feel warm and comfortable.
Then fly through the dark night of chidakash.

Thousands of light years ahead of you is a small light point,
That is what you must fix your mind upon.
You will cross many oceans of samskaras,
Mountains of thoughts and valleys of depression.
The swan flies high and fast,
But if you look down and take an interest in the things below
Your weight will slow him down.
When that happens the world becomes clearer.
On the surface of the ocean you will see people laughing,
Swimming, playing, waving their hands to you.
With promising smiles they will try to call you down.
If you get involved the swan will faint
And drop you into the water.

Some of the hilltops may look lovely from above,
Trees laden with ripe fruits of many different kinds,
Shady meadows and small brooks,
Birds and butterflies playing amongst the flowers.
Everything looks beautiful and perfect.
But if these views light the candle of desire within you,
The swan will twist, turn and drop you down.

In the fields rich with golden harvest,
Young strong people working and laughing
Will point at you
And try to persuade you to come down.
If you yield you'll be lost again.
But if you're firm with your thoughts and emotions,
Able to block the patterns of your mind,
The swan will fly high over oceans, mountains and valleys.
The dark night will change its face many times.
Blue, black, red, yellow, countless colours will appear.
The moon and the stars will dance before you.

As the swan flies on, straight as an arrow shot from a bow,
The point of light gradually grows bigger the closer you come.
One by one your clothes all fall off,
The coverings of attachment, anger, greed, jealousy.
First you feel naked and cold until you discover
That the point of light is the rising sun.

Drawing nearer you are blinded by its rays,
You try to hold back but find you cannot.
The light is too strong for your weak eyes
But the swan is obsessed by its magic power and flies on.
As he pierces through the nucleus of the sun
Drums start beating, voices start singing,
Strong vibrations of different kinds surround you.
The light of the sun covers you with a shining mantle,
Then you enter my kingdom
And meet the children of eternity.

Don't think this is just a fairytale or a dream.
It is as true as the world or you and I,
For I have seen it with my own eyes.
These might appear as black words
Printed on white paper
But they are pregnant with truth.
Everything is found within,
Nothing is impossible.
Understand this
And the way will be open to you.



Melting into Light

When the distinction between mine and thine
Is no more, I am you.
Then what is there to give,
To whom, from whom?

I looked behind and saw the river going dry.
The sun was high
And you were standing by my side.
As the light grew brighter
I lost myself
And there remained only you.

As the boundless waves of the incoming tide
Break on the shore
I feel you coming close to me.
But when they flow back out again, I wonder,
Were you really by my side?

What would happen to this life
If I had not accepted you?
As the ups and downs carry me far from shore
You become my rudder
And I swim across fearlessly.
With you at my helm I do not fear the waves.

I find your bosom limitless,
Your embrace without an end.
When I am merged in you
The beauty of the universe is before me
Though I cannot name or express it.
Do I love you or do you love me?
You love me? Yes, it is sure.
You offered me a gift of love,
You are my love, you are my gift of love.

Every day you come
But in the dark I cannot see you or any other.
Many times I was frightened when you came
And tried to light the lamp but in vain.
When I asked your name you remained silent.
As you approached I heard you whisper in my ear
But that soon was lost in uproarious clamour.

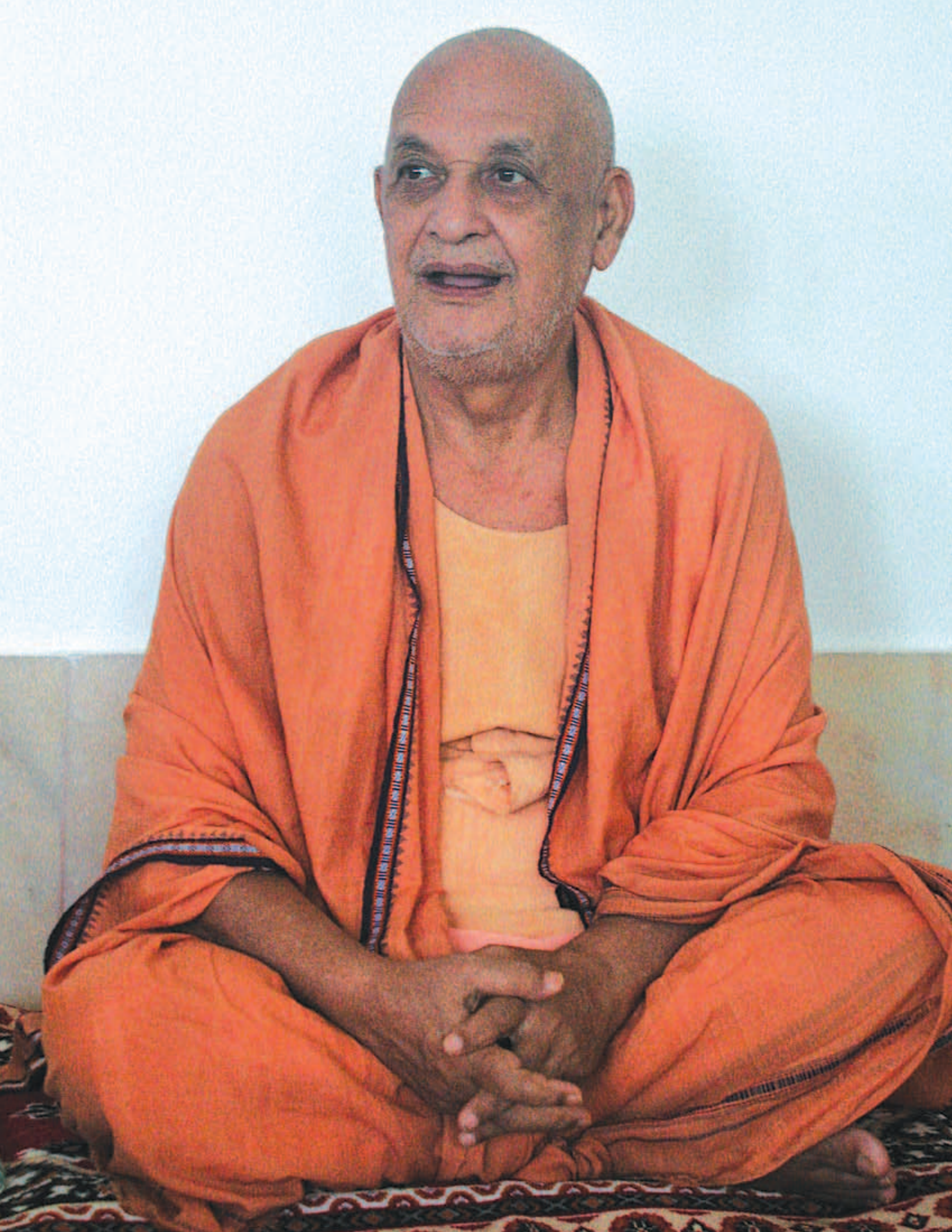




Though surrounded by people
Again I hear your whisper.
My heart is intoxicated
And my eyes sink down.
The door is opening
But I am unable to see you.

You come and you go, for what?
Why do you come, and since you have come
Why do you disappear in a moment?
I never called or invoked you.
I did not don this geru cloth to attract you.
I renounced the desire for all that is beautiful
And now you, the supreme beauty, have come.

I was in a deep and blissful sleep.
Who awakened me and why?
Now I am awake day and night,
Hankering for light.



Huge Heart

I have never partaken of wine
But still I am unconscious.

I have seen splendour in these rags
(saffron robes of a sannyasin).

The ruins which are my house
Seem like a rich man's palace.

My heart is so huge that the seven seas
And even the sun and moon find a place in it.

Do not ask me what books I have read
For I have read not the Bible,
The Puranas nor the Koran.
Still I am well versed in them.

Yes, I have gained experience
By going through life.

Maha Saraswati

Saraswati, Maha Saraswati,
Goddess of real knowledge and true beauty,
Inspire our minds and awaken our hearts.
In your service man is liberated,
His dull mind becomes bright
And wisdom manifests within him.
Your gift to the world is yoga,
The path to freedom, love and creative life.

O, Mother Saraswati,
Source of all the sacred scriptures and vedic chants,
Mistress of the sixty-four fine arts,
All the arts of living.
You symbolize the essence of tantra,
Of liberated consciousness,
Expansion of all our human capacities.
You are creativity and intuition,
The expression of Brahma who created the cosmos.
O Saraswati, seated within the white lotus on the swan
With book and veena, hands in the gesture of blessing,
It is your great work we do.

In ajapa japa when the mantra changes itself
From soham to hamso,
This represents discriminating wisdom,
The swan on which you sit.
There immersed in meditation
On the lotus of detachment
All our samskaras, good and bad,
Begin to rise and be eliminated.
In your hands you hold the veena,
Its vibrations resound throughout the whole world
Directing the emotions of man.
Its tuning keys are the senses of this body
Through which we are able to attain balance in life.
As the scale ascends the sushumna
It makes a background through the chakras
To our expanding consciousness.

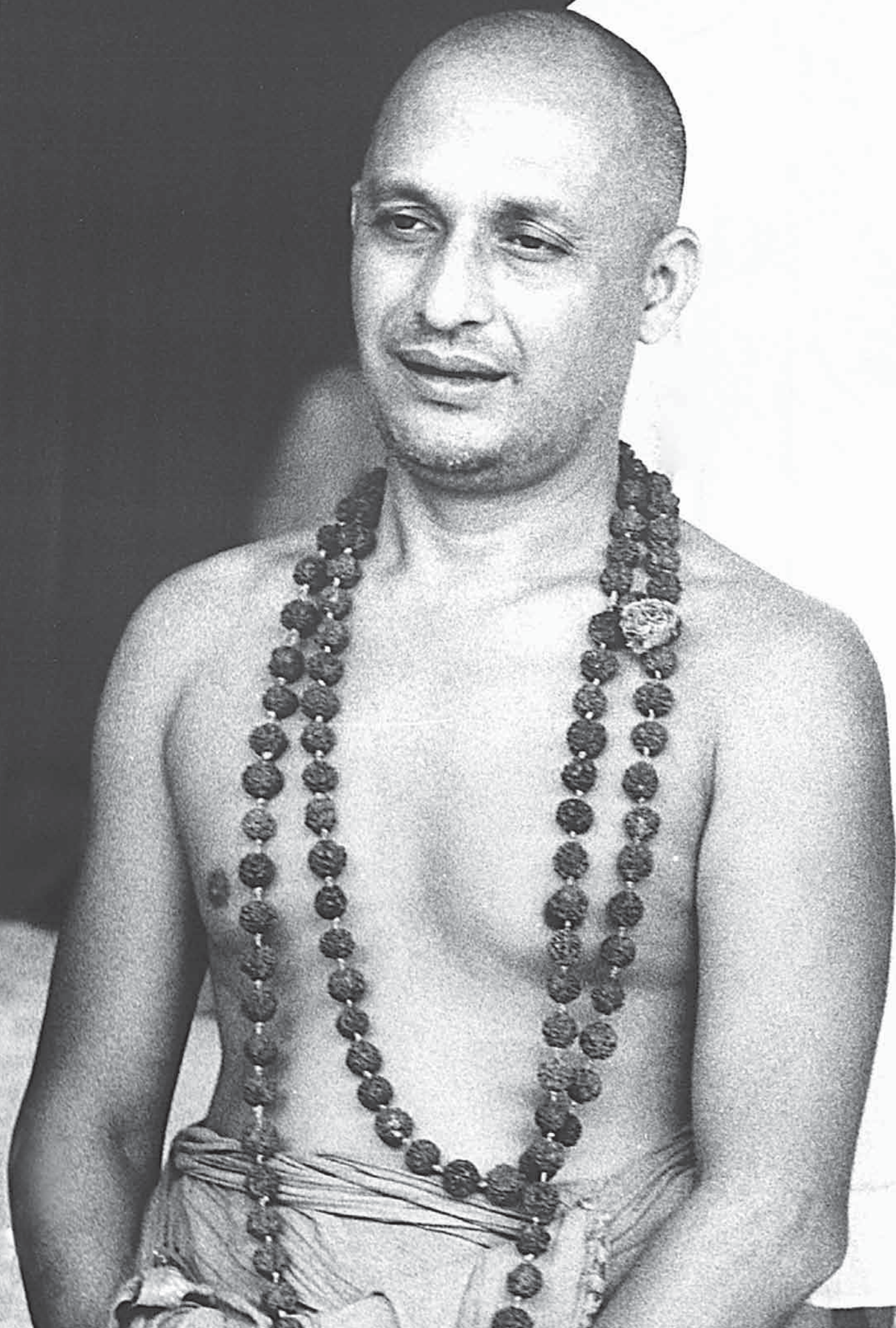
Your face is full of love and compassion.
Radiant and white
Like the kund flower or the moon



You draw inspiration
From the deep well of spirituality
And through you
It pours out to the thirsty world.
Our order of sannyasa is Saraswati,
Inspired by your intuition
Which bestows cosmic knowledge.

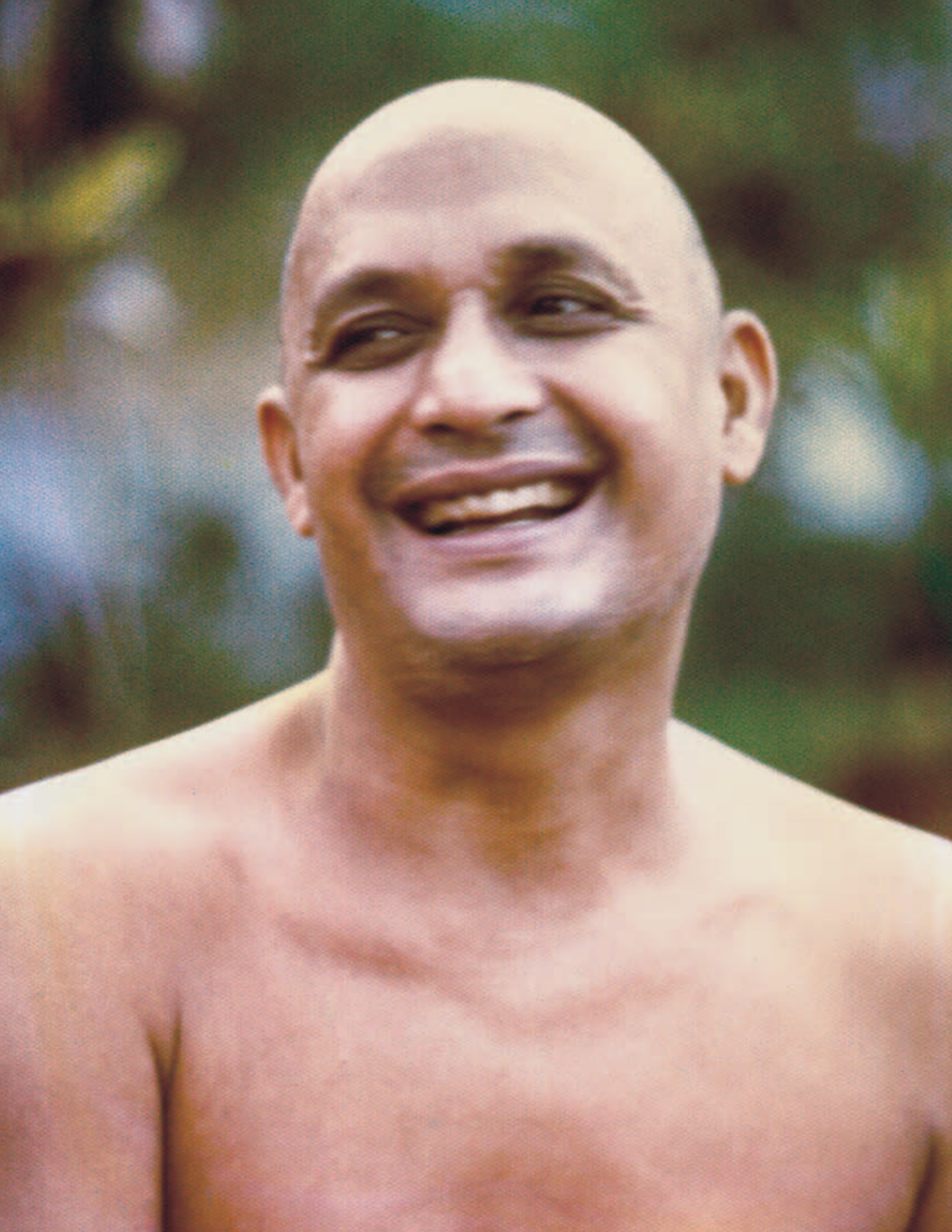
The akhanda jyoti, eternal light,
Burning in this ashram
Since its foundation in 1964,
On your day of celebration,
Symbolizes the removal
Of all darkness and disease
Both mental and physical
Through the science of yoga.
This is your work,
The inspiration of Saraswati,
The spreading of light through yoga.





The Happiness I Seek

What is the happiness I seek?
Not to win the race,
But to understand the face of failure.
For through it I have learned to run
And not to fear the doubts of my mind.
It is they that have shown me
Where the road lies narrow and hardest to pass.
Through the forces of the world around me,
Even when I feel tired and oppressed,
I shall find the way to increase my own strength
And stand in awe of the pattern of the universe.



Showers of Samadhi

When serenity and equilibrium prevail,
Not only ideas but dreams also come true
And sleep is converted into samadhi.

Generally the mind is dull and dissipated,
Sometimes it goes in for higher things
But then returns to its lower field.

It is by persistent sadhana and vairagya
That ekagrata, savikalpa samadhi, dawns
And the mind loses its separateness from self.

Freed from its usual patterns of samskaras
Mind is fashioned in the divine pattern,
Then the showers of samadhi descend.

At this juncture true knowledge arises.
This is samprajnata samadhi, let me call it darshan,
But it takes time to become permanently established.

Soon after its first emergence
There is a revival of vrittis
And the sadhaka returns to his usual state.

Therefore, even after darshan
The sadhaka has to plod on,
Let him not slacken his usual zeal.

He must establish the state of samprajnata
Through effort, serenity and detachment
In order to enter the regions of nirvikalpa samadhi.

There he is permanently established in his own self,
When the mind has ceased to exist
How can it tune in with the vrittis?

Just as water does not wet a rock smeared with oil,
Likewise the incoming sensations of day to day life
Leave no trace of effect on the mind of such a yogi.



Turn the Gaze Inwards

I was never born
Nor shall I die;
We must stand by the real truth
And breathe vairagya through every pore.

All emotions are self-created.
Mental love is air.
Worldly love is skin deep.
Spiritual union is yet very far.

Bliss born of body begets disease.
Bliss born of money creates restlessness.
Bliss born of power and position fattens the ajnana.
Bliss born of attachment causes endless pain.

Only that bliss which is experienced
After all other forms of bliss
Have been fried in the fire of vairagya
Is real and abiding.

We must stand by the real truth
Which this body and mind are not.
About turn,
Change the emotions, ideals, ambitions.

Turn the gaze inward and still the mind.
Become sthira, steady and motionless
As Buddha did, as Shankara did
And as the ever shining Atma is.

Absolute departure, total withdrawal,
Rebirth into the spiritual dimension.
Outer life remains the same;
Inner life is totally changed.





Let My Life go on as it is

Let my life go on as it is,
In the direction it yearns to follow.
Keep your knowledge, your philosophy, your spirituality,
Your science, your social conduct, your religion.
Let my life flow splendidly as a child's,
Let me fly like the birds,
Let me remain innocent and unknowing.

I don't need your knowledge.
I love to roam in the jungle.
Let me sing with the birds, don't stop me.
Let me laugh in the flaring garden of life.
Let me run amongst the rustling leaves.
Let me glimpse nature at sunrise,
Let forest leaves, spring water, clear air sustain me.

Keep your civilization, your pride, your reputation;
Let me go wherever I want to,
Far, far away, beyond the horizon
Where earthly rays do not penetrate,
Where worldly ways cannot reach.

Don't bind me by your social rules.
Don't influence me with your religions,
Don't drag me down with your conventions.
Leave me alone.
Let me be.



Life's Divine Sport

Throw away the self-styled yokes
Of worry and anxiety.
Everything takes its own course.

Life is a divine sport.
Let us play it accordingly.

Life is a wonderful display
Of sorrow and elation.

When everything has been said,
Then life is nothing
But a product of our own minds.

Merge the mind in its source.
This is the way to real happiness.





Indweller of the Heart

This life is spent without remembering God.
What is the use of having a well without water,
A bird without feathers?
No use.

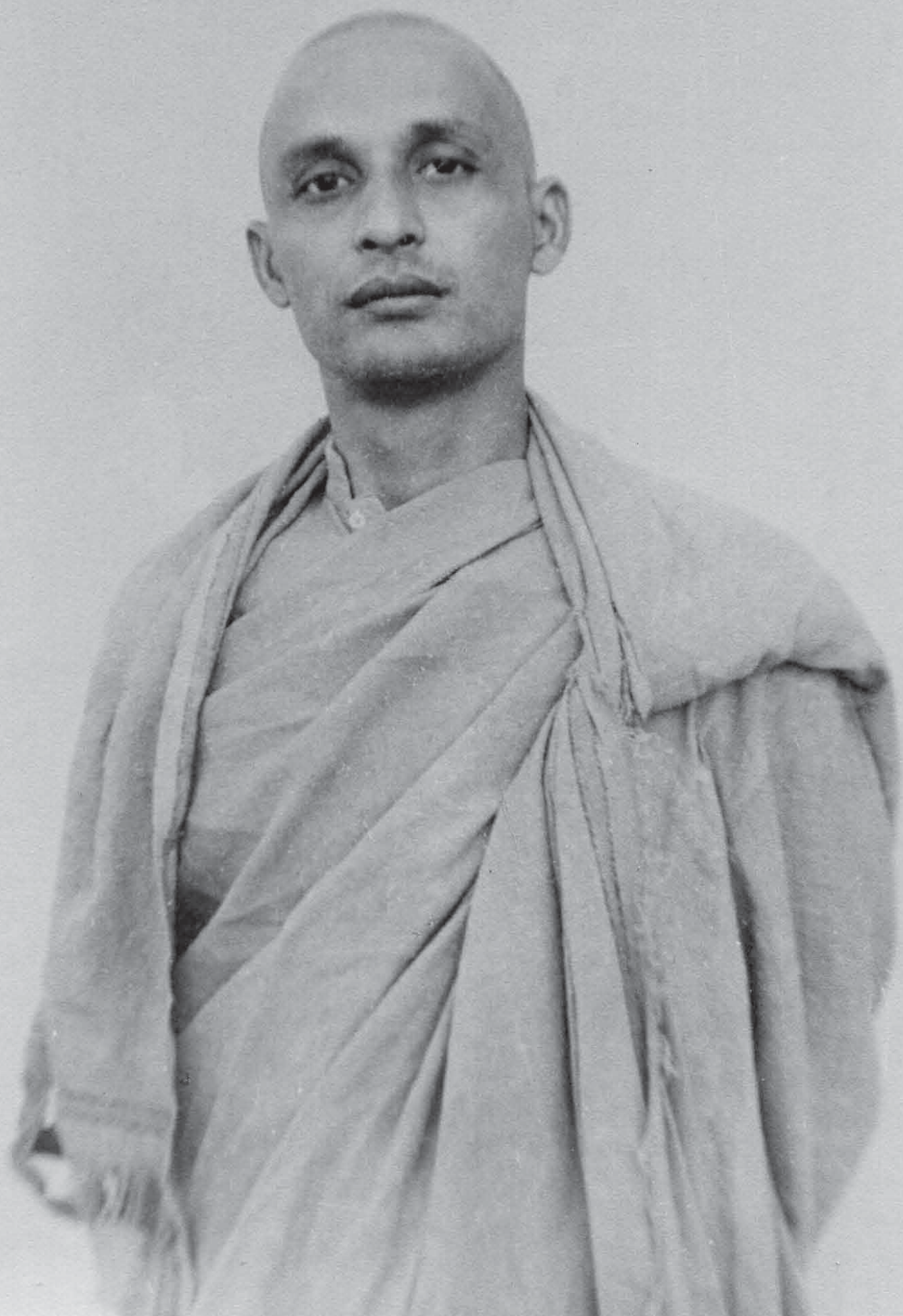
Which Rama do you worship?
There is Rama – the indweller of the heart;
Rama – the creator of the cosmos, sun, moon, stars;
Rama – the transcendental.
The surest, the easiest, the safest
Is Rama – the indweller of the heart.

You have wasted your life without remembering God.
Without remembering God's name, you cannot get peace.
God is immanent as well as transcendental.
It is foolish to say, do not worship God with a form.
I call Him Rama – the indweller of the heart.



The Form of Ishta

Samadhi is a blissful state of mind
Where there is no other experience except atma.
This too is consumed in full-fledged nirvikalpa
When not even a bit of the individual functions.
Savikalpa retains the experiences of atma
In the form of Ishta;
Nirvikalpa is at once homogeneous,
Devoid of any subject or object.
Bhakta can talk to Ishta in the state of savikalpa.
There he feels close to his Lord,
He is so aware of his Lord
That he loses all self-consciousness.
He hears the divine speech of his Lord,
He finds all questions answered and wishes fulfilled,
He is taken back into the arena of his previous lives
Which he views with awe and wonder.
Then God becomes a concrete reality to him,
Guru becomes a divine power.
He truly feels his Ishta before him
Just as you see your living father before you.
The only difference is that you see your father
While you are aware of yourself
But in samadhi you see the Ishta
While you are unaware of yourself.
Having attained samadhi, the bhakta becomes calm,
Peaceful, cheerful, powerful and intuitive;
A veritable medium of his grace and lila,
Atma manifests through him.
Body, action and thought are divinized,
Everything moves according to his wish.
This is difficult to follow through intellect
But you will experience it when you attain samadhi.



Sankalpa

I am an invisible child of a thousand faces of love
That floats over the swirling sea of life,
Surrounded by the meadows of the winged shepherds,
Where stillness of divine love and beauty
Rain in the spring and bloom at midnight
Summer's warmth of softness.

Often I pass to the place
Where there is no separation of the sun and moon,
But where eternal light spreads a carpet
Of sparkling reflections of itself
Within the hearts and eyes of all,
Even those who are blind to see.
Where sweetness has no taste,
For it is the essence of all beings,
And where teardrops water flowers of happiness
And pass into brooklets of experience
And then to the open sea.

Life often cuts at my body and mind,
And though blood may be seen passing,
And a cry might be heard,
Do not be deceived that sorrow could dwell within my being,
Or suffering within my soul.
There shall never be a storm
That can wash the path from my feet,
The direction from my heart,
The light from my eyes,
Or the purpose from this life.

I know that I am untouchable to the forces
As long as I have a direction, an aim, a goal:
To serve, to love, and to give.

Strength lies in the magnification of the secret qualities
Of my own personality, my own character,
And though I am only a messenger, I am me.



Let me decorate many hearts
And paint a thousand faces with colours of inspiration
And soft, silent sounds of value.
Let me be like a child,
Run barefoot through the forest
Of laughing and crying people,
Giving flowers of imagination and wonder
That God gives free.

Do I have time to ask whom I shall love,
From whom shall I ask for something more
Than all I have been given,
Or what is meant by the signs that pass before my windows.
I learned to read half a century ago
But found it useful only for speaking
To those who continue to live by books.

I shall not pretend to understand
Nor shall I try to reason
For the satisfaction of rationalization.
Yesterday I sat in the park
And shared an orange and an afternoon
With the divines and myself.

And who am I?
Don't be deceived by my words, my manner, my way,
Or by my friendliness, or by the image of that of a man.
I sleep, eat, talk and play with you and others,
But remember that the gift of inspiration, or perfection,
Is a priceless island of treasure,
Which that whom we call God
Placed at the end of rainbows.

If I believe I have the strength
To hold back seas, to move mountains,
And the determination to live and love life,
It is because I have felt and seen an image of inspiration
Visible to my unseeing eyes.

Yes, I cried yesterday when I read sorrow
In the heart of my love,
For I am more than human,





And I laughed from my belly
When I saw two camels playing in a sea of yellow.
I am not insensitive, nor have I dulled my senses,
But never shall I become submerged or lost
In the experience of these images,
Of these feelings, of these emotions.

Don't think that as a child
My heart cannot turn as hard as stone,
When the arrow of opposition to what I believe in
Tries to pierce my centre of principle and character.
I have a cause, a meaning, a worth for individuality,
All as a means for living in this life,
For striding steps forward, for achieving a mission.

Shall I fall on bended knees
And wait for someone to bless me
With happiness and a life of golden dreams?
No. I shall run into the desert of life with my arms open,
Sometimes falling, sometimes stumbling,
But always picking myself up, a thousand times if necessary,
Sometimes happy.

Often life will burn me,
Often life will caress me tenderly
And many of my days will be haunted
With complications and obstacles,
And there will be moments so beautiful
That my soul will weep in ecstasy.
I shall be a witness,
But never shall I run or turn from life, from me.
Never shall I forsake myself
Or the timeless lessons I have taught myself,
Nor shall I let the value
Of divine inspiration and being be lost.
My rainbow-coloured bubble
Will carry me further than beyond the horizon's settings,
Forever to serve, to love, and to live
As a sannyasin.



Message to the Sadhaka

In fact the power is in you.
What you need is confidence
And a little practice.

Even now you have that power,
Though it lies unseen.
Realize that power
Through direct intuition.

Within you is the wisdom.
Dive deep, go in,
And you will realize the pearl.

If you concentrate and meditate,
You will see the Truth actually.
That is siddhi.

Whenever you think,
Think confidently.
Be sure that whatever you think
Must come to pass.

You have to realize the Highest.
Minor siddhis cannot guide you.
Hold this knowledge
To sustain your practices.

Let the form become abiding
And awareness perpetual,
Then you will see the Light.
Form will become conscious;
This is the symptom of progress:
This is the key.



Message to New Sannyasins

Sannyasa is not merely an order,
It is a complete spiritual life
Both exoteric and esoteric.
The unqualified consciousness manifests
And the light of atman shines.
Why sadhana for a sannyasin?
Let him stand as a witness,
Let him stand as a non-doer.
Various yoga practices
Constitute gross practices for a sannyasin
For these practices do not eradicate
The dross of inner life
Nor do they bring knowledge
Of the true spirit.
A sannyasin should enter into ashram life
And stay there for quite a long period
In a life of spirit and service
And thus render himself
Humble and egoless.
For a sannyasin
There is nothing as sadhana
And nothing as ultimate.
Even the state of turiya
Is non-existent for a sannyasin
Because sannyasa is to attain total equilibrium.
Spiritual state is eternal,
It is always there,
This a sannyasin has to know.
Renounce the sacred thread,
Chop off the tuft
And renounce the association
With previous relations
Together with caste, tribe, sect.
All these constitute the gross man.
Gradually the stages of sannyasa will manifest,
The spirit of service will unfold
Various stages of sannyasa.

Guru is the master key for a sannnyasin.
Do not go the wrong way
When you are convalescing,
Do not ignore the rules in sannnyasa.
Live by yourself,
Free from attachment,
Do not attend marriage ceremonies,
Burial ceremonies, ancestor worship.
Very few can see why.
When sannnyasa blooms
And knowledge dawns
And power unfolds,
It sanctifies history and posterity.

One single sannnyasin
Can be the creator of an epoch,
A seer of intuition
And a mastermind of traditions.
Keeping this ablaze in your mind
Step into sannnyasa.





Niranjana

Niranjana,
Just as pollen contains life and beauty
The vibration of beauty is within you.
Be sure to keep radiating this.
Don't let the pollen become tainted,
Always be alert.

Life is a flower
Of truth, auspiciousness, beauty,
Inner fragrance;
From these pollen is made.
A wild shock scatters it before time.
It is vibrant with joy,
Some would destroy it with the flower.

New life is there in the pollen
And from this many lives will flourish.
Maintain it carefully.
Restraint, respect, politeness,
They are the pollens of life.
Altruism, compassion, grace,
From these the new life receives breath.

From the pollen
Atmasadhana grows and endures.
Search for God in the society of humans,
Understand lepers, the blind, the crippled.

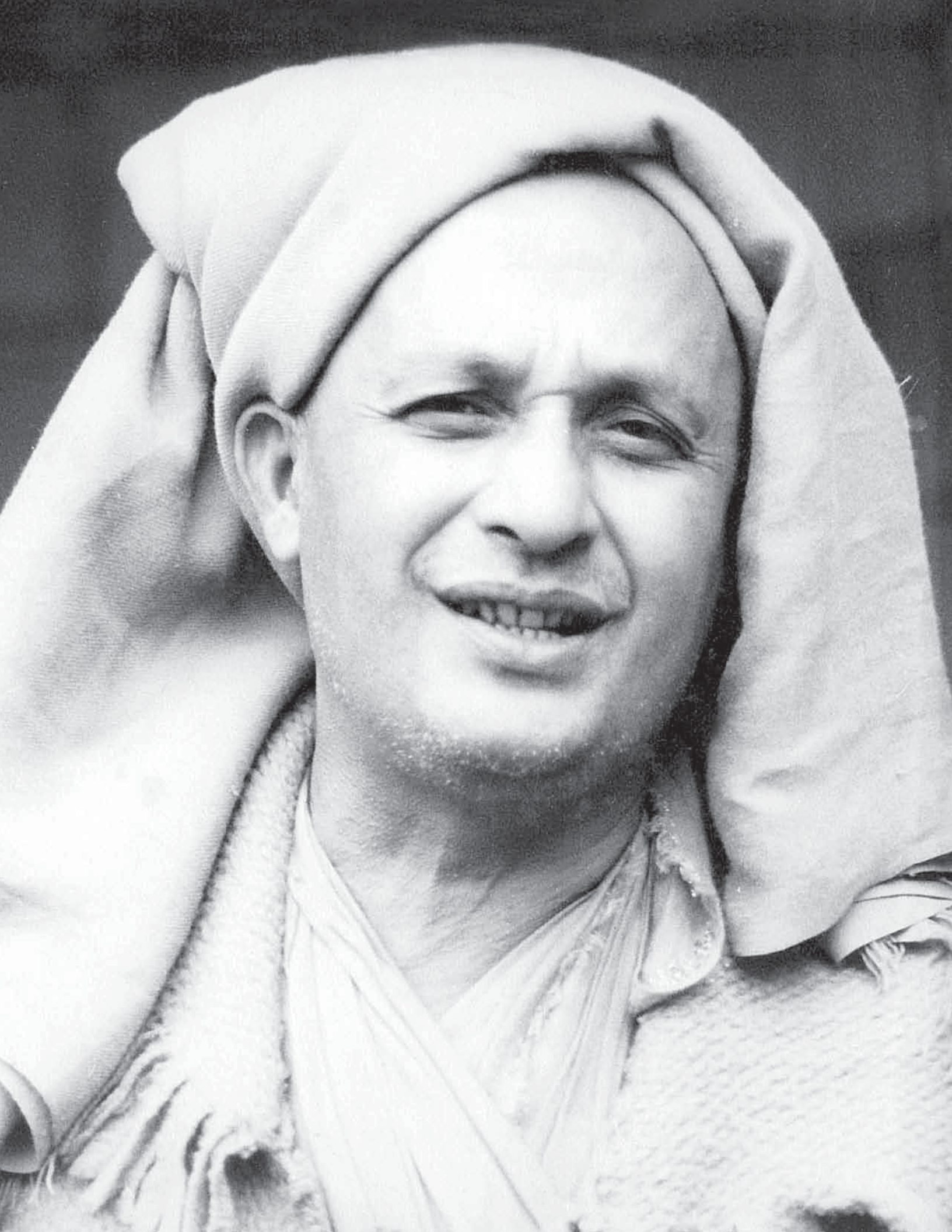
Beloved Niranjana,
You are the pollen
Able to make the world beautiful.



In the Innermost Chamber

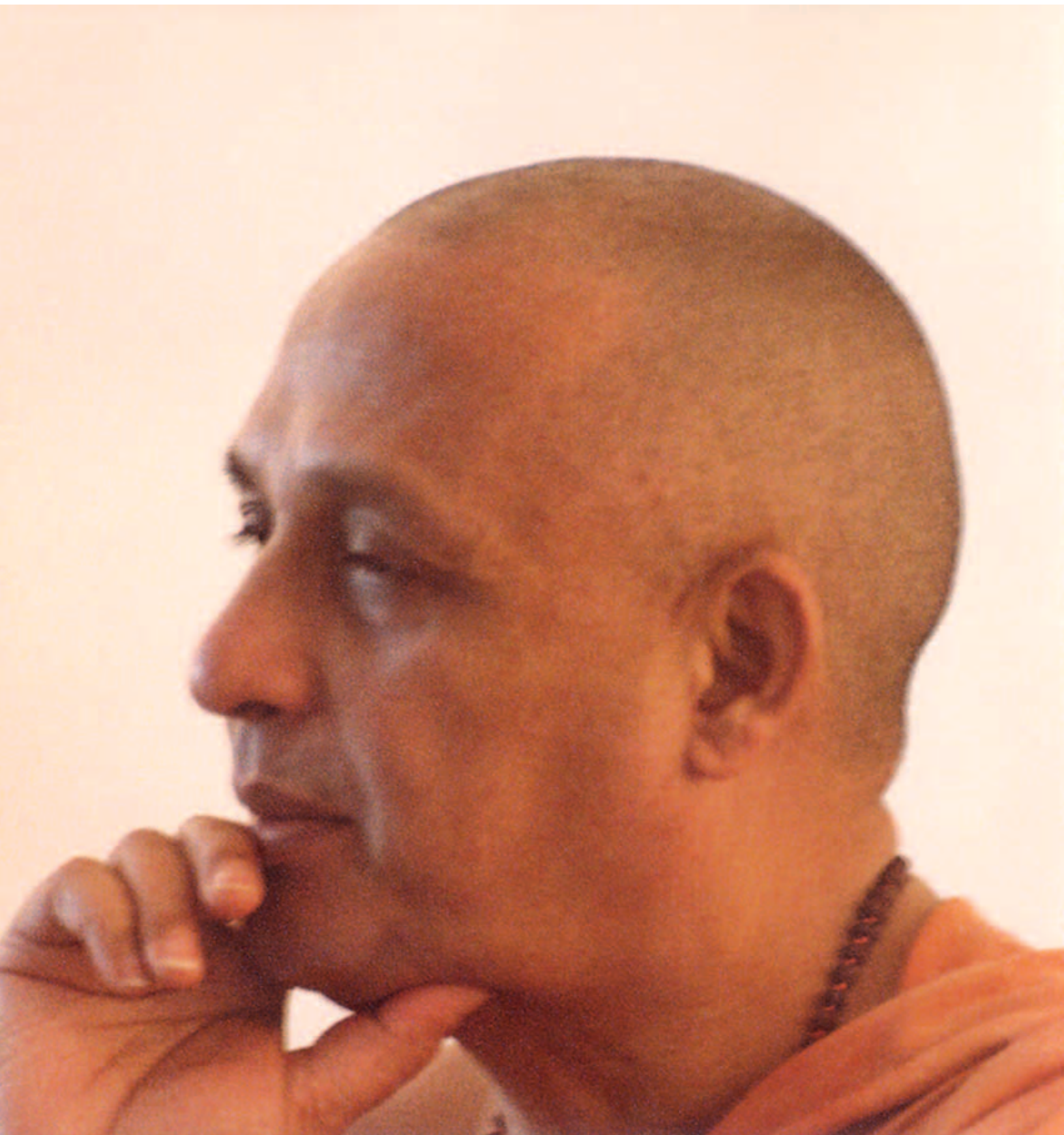
Where do guru and disciple unite?
Not on the physical and emotional plane.
They unite in total darkness
When everything is finished,
In the innermost chamber
Where everything is dead.

There you do not hear a sound
Or see any form or vision.
You are aware of nothing but the guru,
Shining like a lofty light.
That is how guru and disciple
Must commune with each other.



Free as a Bird

Once you have surrendered
To the guru completely,
You become as free as a bird,
Able to fly anywhere
Or do anything.
So do not be afraid of surrender.
Commit yourself,
And discover infinity.



My Guru has Shown Me the Path

My guru has shown me the path.
He desired my body,
I gave it to him unflinchingly.
He asked me for my prana,
I offered it unhesitatingly.
He said, "Will you give me your mind too?"
I replied, "It is yours forever."
I was left with nothing,
Empty and desolate.
The dark blue sky, dotted with stars, and the moon,
That was all I had now.

Then all at once
The sun burst upon me with a song.
The restless ocean bathed me with its waves,
The thundering clouds burst upon me with rain,
The snow white swan danced before my soul.

My guru came to me once again.
He said, "Will you give me the samskaras
You have collected life after life?"
I looked into his deep brown eyes,
Into the dark and deep abyss of his being.
For what seemed aeons he stood before me.
Everything else began to dissolve before my eyes,
To melt and fade away.
There was unity within and without.

It is the grace of my guru,
He who has extinguished my being
And absorbed me into himself.
My guru has shown me the path.



Make Others Laugh

Some people laugh their whole lives through,
They know how to laugh and make others laugh.
Other people spend their whole life crying,
Tell me which kind are you?
Laughter is an art.
Sometimes laughter comes spontaneously,
But that's a different thing;
Later such persons also cry.
But when you know how to laugh
And make others laugh
You will never cry again.
When you see someone laughing,
You can't control yourself,
You must join in.
Therefore the person who can make others laugh
Is really in tune with himself and with them.
So how will you learn the art of laughter,
This most excellent of yogas?
If you really wish to perfect it
You will have to consider your life as a joke,
For life begins in one second
And in one second it ends.
Even when you cry
Consider your crying as the greatest joke.
Because of its temporary nature
You can't maintain the state of tears,
Before long you will be tired.
But you can laugh constantly, day and night,
For there are many ways to laugh.
You can laugh loudly or softly,
You can just smile,
Or laugh silently in your mind,
But you will never tire of laughing
And you will benefit greatly from it too.
Now I'll tell you a secret.
If you don't want to cry
Then learn how to laugh.
How? You will find the way.



You Gave Me Light

I was wandering in darkness.
You gave me light, showed the way.
You aroused emotions, I was excited.
You gave me voice, I started to sing.
You gave me inspiration, I progressed.
You pointed out the direction, I turned.
You gave me beauty, I lost myself in it.
You gave me a desire I couldn't satisfy.
You gave me all the love I wanted.
You gave me detachment
To renounce the world and follow you.
You held me close and I merged into you.
Actually, you have done everything.
What have I done, can you tell me?
This body of five elements,
Birth in the world of sensual enjoyments,
The many activities
Which result from different situations,
Inspiration which leads to progress in life,
The power of logic, discourse,
Acquired knowledge of the self,
Infatuation with different theories,
Success and failure,
All were given by you,
Nothing was mine.
I desired wealth, but you have given me poverty.
I wished for success, but you have given me failure.
I wanted love, but you have thrown me out.
I wanted friendship, but you have given me enmity.
I wanted life and joy, but you gave me suffering and death.
I had ambitions, but they were not fulfilled,
Due to the fluctuations of time.

Everything I ever possessed in life was stolen,
As I watched it happen with wide open eyes.
I have no control over nature, myself, nor you.
Who then is responsible for my actions?
Me or you?



Prayer to Guru

Life is a canvas,
A magnificent creation of the painter's brush.
The painting depicts the various facets of life
And reflects the pictures of this vast creation.
O artist of our lives,
Use your brush to create new life.
Paint a new life for us all
And in that picture give men, women and children
Laughter, happiness and joy in plenty.
O light of my life,
In this dark night
Give me a glimpse of yourself in my subtle mind,
And make the journey of other co-travellers
Bright, blissful and eternal.
O friend of my journey,
The path to the source is endless,
Unknown are the ways that lead there,
Only a few travellers dare to tread upon it.
Tell me, when shall we reach it?
I have covered a part of the journey,
Crossed some of the ups and downs
And traversed a few valleys,
But the journey is not yet over.
Inspire me through your paintings
And in the shadow of your feet
Enable me to complete my pilgrimage.



No Greater Power than Faith

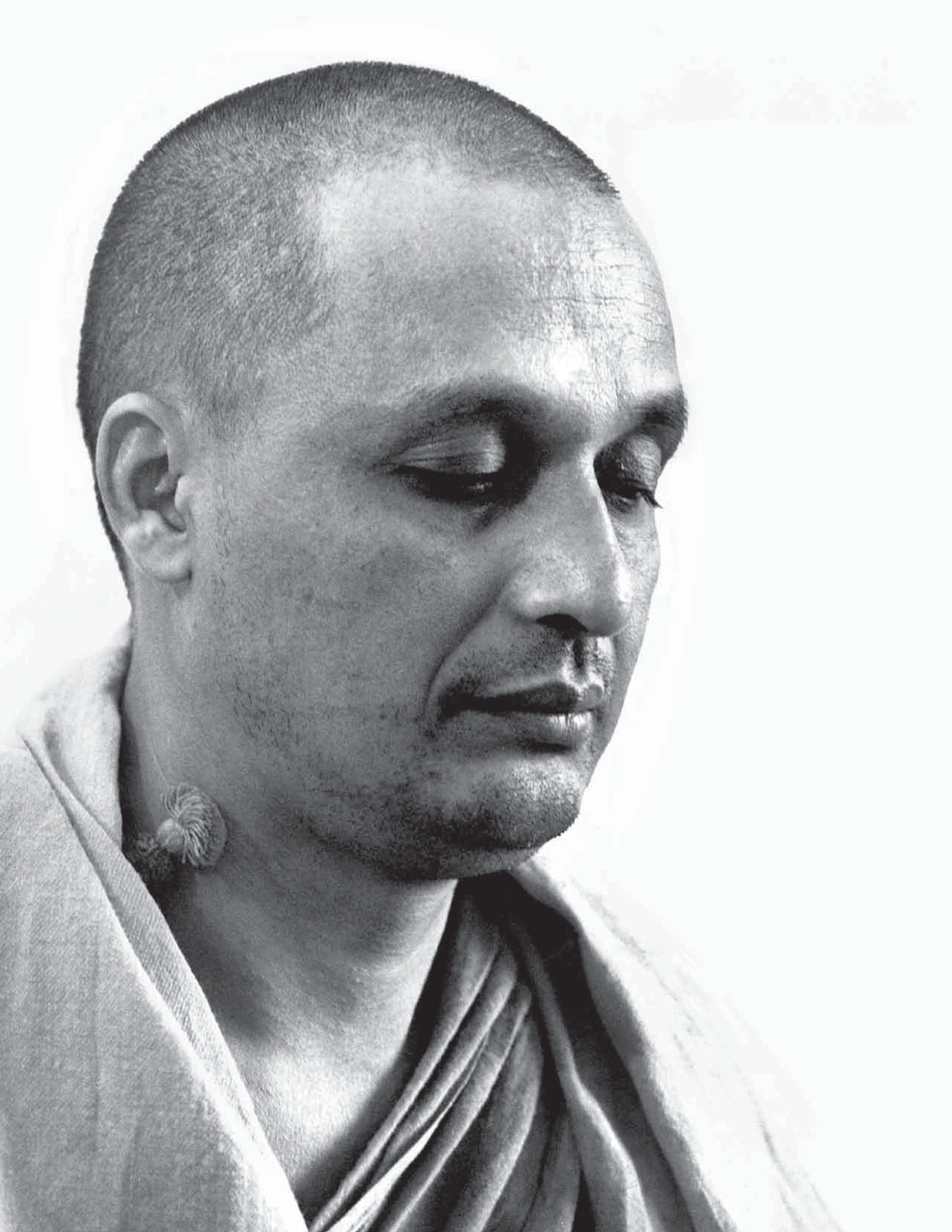
In the dictionary of faith
There is no such word as impossible.

With full faith and conviction I say,
“Nothing is impossible.”

With full faith and conviction
You can be anything in life
Regardless of what you are today.
Faith will never fail
As it is deeper than thought, belief and intellect.
Faith will never fail
As it is an expression of the inner spirit.

Once you realize faith,
You realize God.
So tell me, what is impossible?





Slowly, Friend

Slowly, friend,
Slowly, slowly,
Come to the house where I live.
None is the way
And no light to guide you
Inside or outside, only darkness,
Full of faults from ages past.
Come to the house where I live.
Walk in the border of darkness,
Walk and walk the day and night,
Autumn, spring, summer and winter.
You have caught hold of the robe,
Awaken the truth.
Slowly, slowly,
Come to the house where I live.
Many are the pitfalls along the way,
Many are the difficulties that you will face.
Blind darkness envelops you on every side.
Come to the house
Slowly, slowly.
Gone are the sins of the past.
With a free and fearless mind
Become the flower of humanity.
Throw your petals of light
To all those who need, but
Slowly, slowly.



You are the Instrument

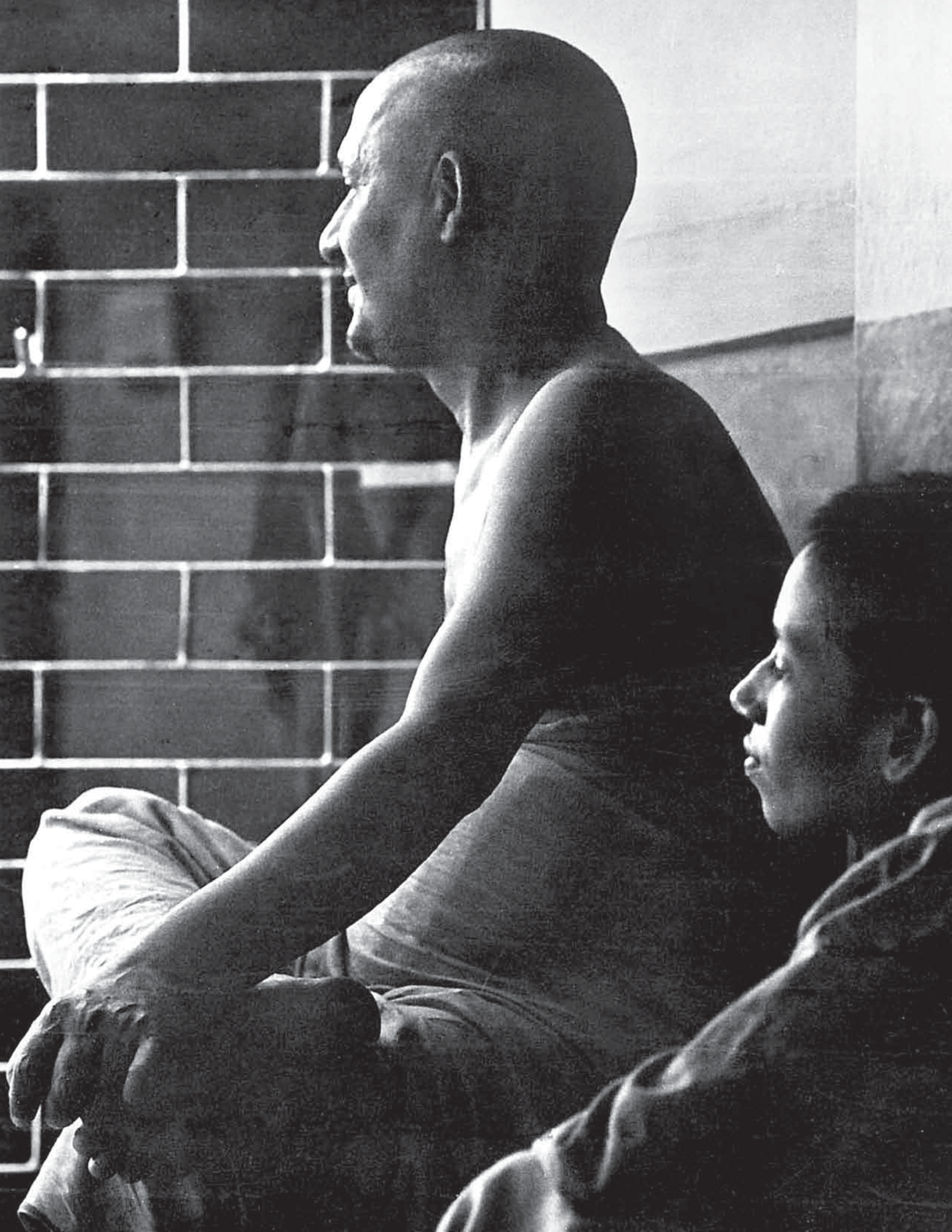
Follow the path of spiritual life.
Let nature take its own course.
Let it be whatever it is.
Why worry about these things?
Why be anxious?
Leave everything to the divine.
Who am I to do it?
He does everything.
He controls everything.
You think you are doing everything,
But it is not true.
Always know that you are the instrument
And He is the doer,
Whoever He is,
Whatever His form.



The Measure of Surrender

Give me your body in service
But do not measure the giving
By the sensation of pleasure or pain.
Turn your awareness to me
But do not measure the turning
By the stoppage of thought
Or the coming of peace.
Love me
But do not measure the loving
By the fading away of negativity and confusion.
Surrender your whole life and nothing less
But do not measure the surrender
In freedom from the inevitable daily dying.
Be constant in this discipline
For presence is more important than progress
And the only measure of your progress
Is in unbroken awareness of my presence.





The Way of God

The way of God is such
That he protects like a servant
He who worships Him.
The Lord of infinite plenitude
And of the universe
Has no pride.
He does not even see how scandalous
The past life of his devotee was.
He looks not at his conduct,
At his qualifications, status,
Prosperity or learning.
All that He sees is his devotion.

He becomes a slave of slaves
And applies Himself silently
To the service of His devotee.





Fragrant Flower

O new and fresh fragrance of my life!
Let this age be filled by you
With your joy, sweetness and dignity
And may its impurities flow away
With each and every moment.

May the world be purified,
May all be pure.
May all directions be adorned
With your fragrance.

O fragrant flower of the saint's heart,
Enter the lives of all
And fill them with the dignity
Of Truth, Ahimsa and Satyam.



Be Fearless

The power of yoga
Lies dormant within the human frame.
This wonderful symbol lies confined
Within the four walls of mooladhara.

O aspirant,
If you want to witness this mahashakti,
If you want to be flooded by its unending grace,
Remain fearless.
Witnessing yogashakti does not make you afraid,
It makes you fearless.
Fear of this world,
Of the seen and the unseen,
Of acquiring or being,
Of anger and hostility,
Of life and death –
All the samskaras of fear
Are hindrances on the path
Of the awakening of yogashakti.
Fear is a personal feeling,
It is an individual's complex.
Hence, O aspirant,
Only if you are fully fearless

Can you tread this path.
Otherwise there is still time.
Go back! Go back at once!
For one who fears the fly
Cannot go past the lion's den.
One who trembles
At the thought of human hypocrisies,
Perishable traditions, foolish emotions,
How can such a one stay
In these heavenly, immortal worlds of knowledge?
Children!
If stones are thrown at your head
Stand steadily.
If the influences of this and the other world hit you
Remain firm.
Live like a lotus in the mud.
Stand like a free avadhoot,
Like the shirish tree.

If you wish to tread the path, you may.
There you will get no support from anywhere
Except your own soul.
So tell your samskaras – Hands up!



Life

Is this clay or is this gold?

At these pleasures and beauties of life
Should we laugh or cry?

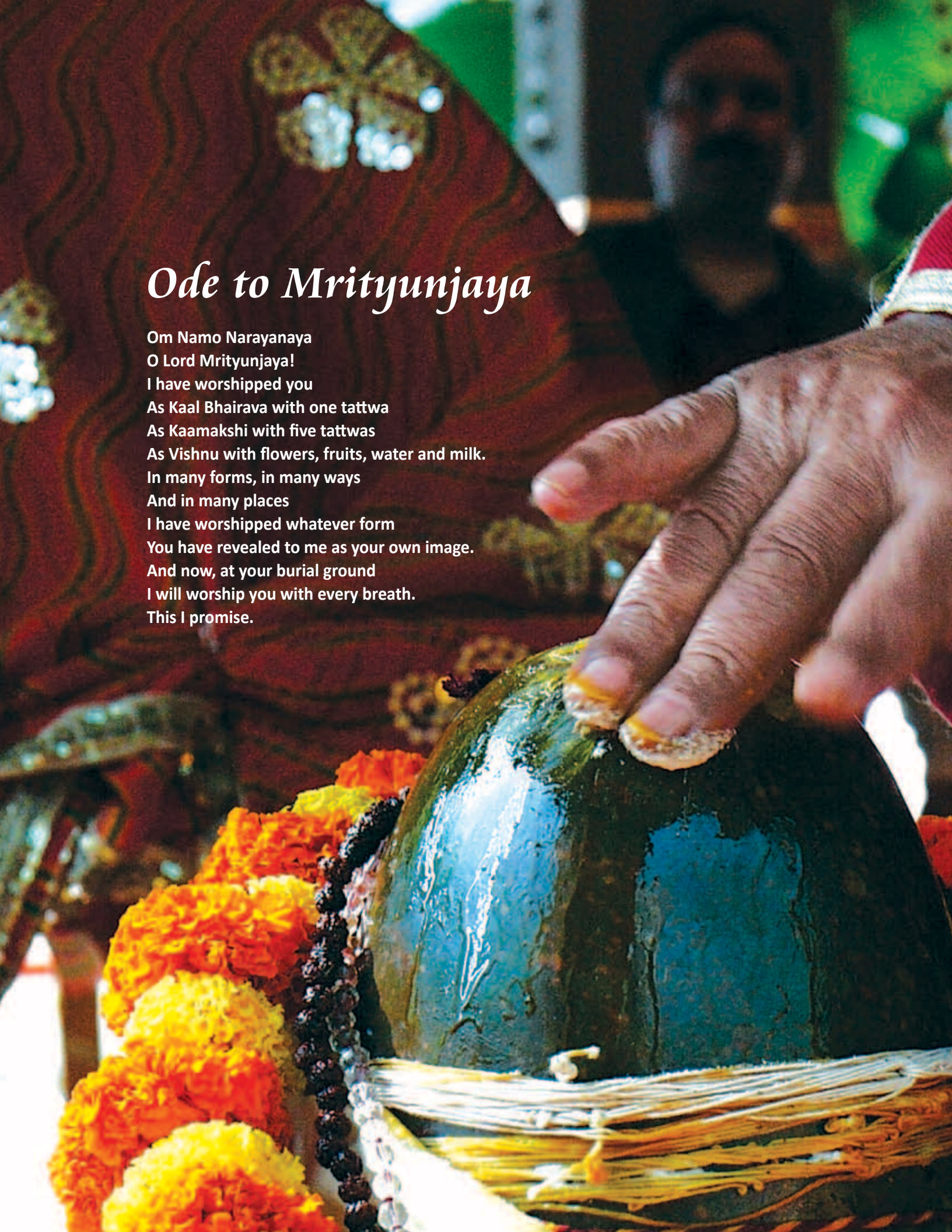
Some say life is happiness
And others say it is only sorrow.

O companion, guide me
To that which is final and ultimate.

It may be a garland of joys
Or the blows of sorrow
But never can it be said
That life is just joy or sorrow.

Everything in life is wealth.
There is gold as well as stones.
Say always, O companion,
That life is gold and full of joys.





Ode to Mrityunjaya

Om Namo Narayanaya
O Lord Mrityunjaya!
I have worshipped you
As Kaal Bhairava with one tattwa
As Kaamakshi with five tattwas
As Vishnu with flowers, fruits, water and milk.
In many forms, in many ways
And in many places
I have worshipped whatever form
You have revealed to me as your own image.
And now, at your burial ground
I will worship you with every breath.
This I promise.





Guru Poornima Message

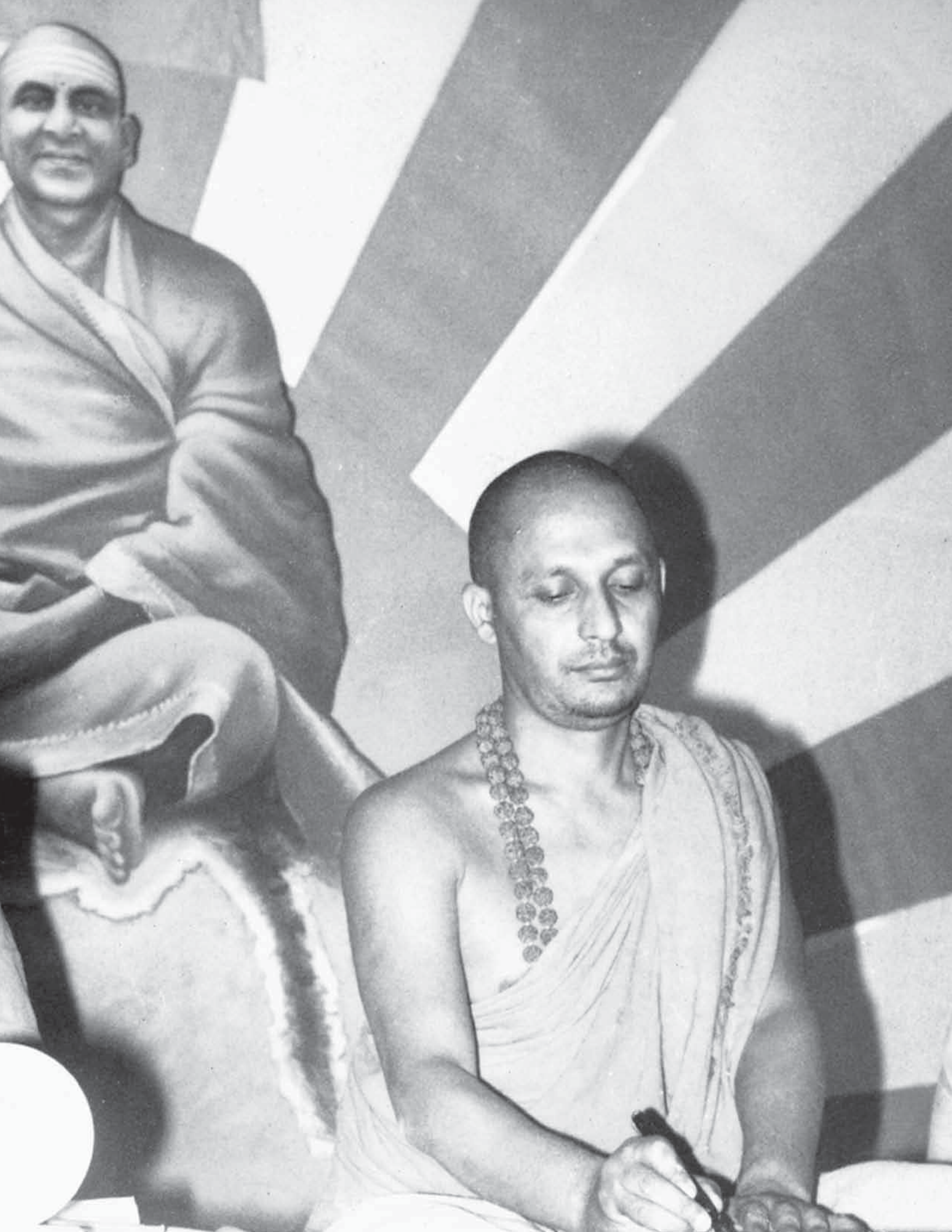
Bathe yourself in the shining light
Of the Guru Poornima full moon,
Wash away the impurities blight
And make yourself pure from without and within.

Break the cords of binding attachment,
Release yourself from the trammels of earth,
Prepare yourself to receive the divine wisdom
That guru alone can give.

He will guide and inspire
From the depths of your being.
He is here, he is there, he is everywhere.
Worship him in loving service
And see his touch in all things that be.
Virat Guru, Supreme God, will reveal and give wisdom
If you will learn the lessons of life.

Empty yourself of your petty ego,
Be ready to look, to listen, receive.
Let all your thinking have only one object
If you want to progress in a short space of time.
May the full moon of Guru Poornima
Purify your heart and reveal the Supreme.





Gunas

The soul experiences the objects of this world
Through the mind and senses when it is awake.
The same soul experiences the samskaras of this world
Through the medium of the mind when it is overcome by sleep.
When the soul is freed from the effects of experiences
Born of a mixture of sattwa, rajas and tamas,
And when nothing but pure sattwa remains,
Then it stands as it is.
Hence all sadhanas have a twofold mission,
Cultivation of sattwa and eradication of rajas and tamas.
Desire and its retinue constitute the body of rajo guna,
Inertia and dullness the body of tamo guna,
Serenity and peaceful equilibrium the body of sattwa.
When desire and restlessness capture your mind,
You are certainly overpowered by rajo guna.
When you feel like sleeping and sitting idle,
You are captured by tamo guna
And when your mind is saturated in divine thoughts,
Then you are in the realms of sattwa.
Tamo guna is eradicated by rajo guna,
That is why karma yoga is prescribed.
Desires which represent the body of rajas
Become feeble in the presence of vairagya,
Which is an outcome of the death of tamas.
With vairagya on the one side and ever growing
Peace, contentment and equilibrium on the other,
Desires are defeated and sattwa at last prevails.
But sattwa too must be transcended.
This is accomplished by paravairagya
Which arises by itself,
Just as the light appears spontaneously
With the rising sun.

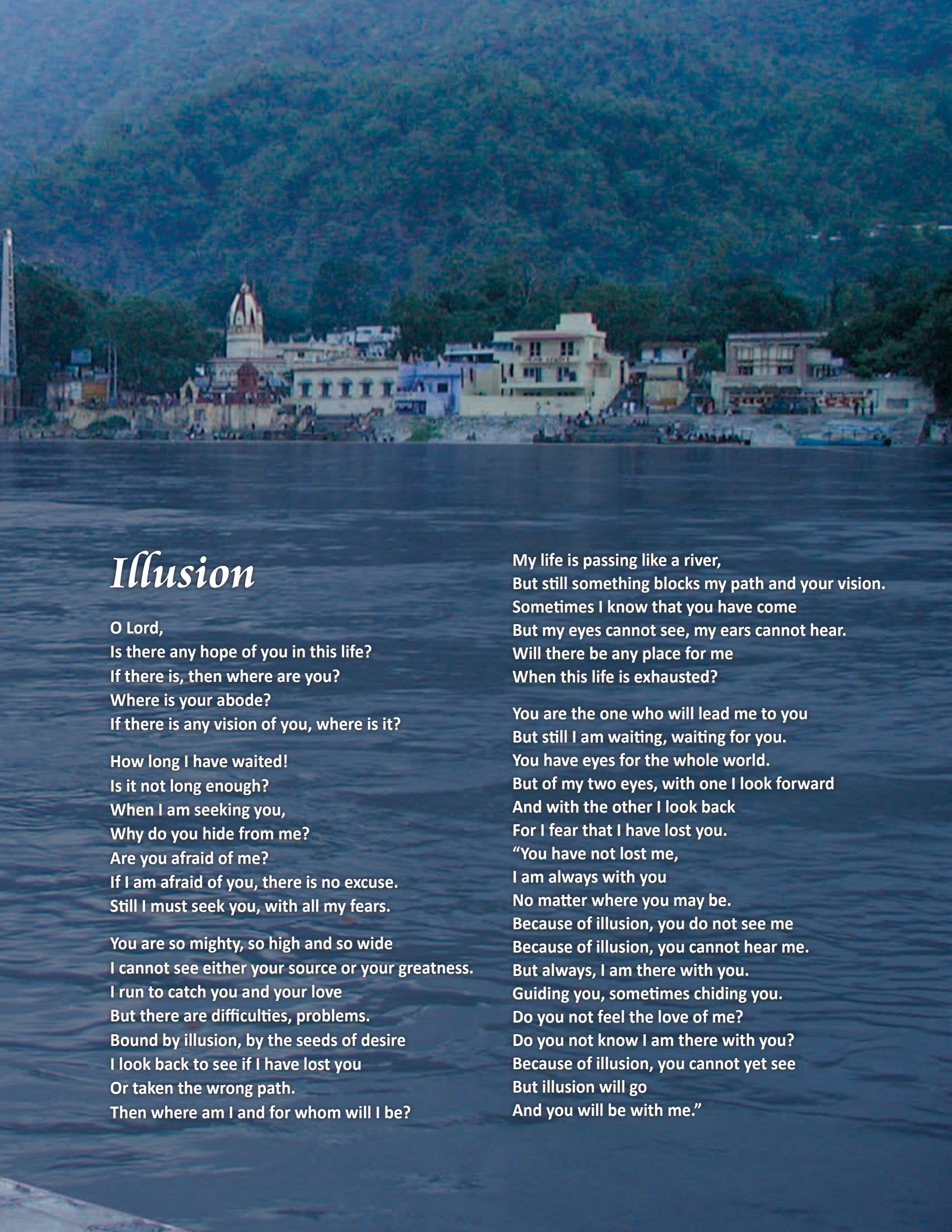


Blessing to Yoga

Like the rays of the moon
The light of yoga is expanding.
All religions, beliefs and sects
Are receiving shelter
Under the kalpataru of yoga.
Towards the evolution of consciousness
Yoga has done unforgettable work.
Yoga will become tomorrow's culture
And will show
A new way of life for mankind.







Illusion

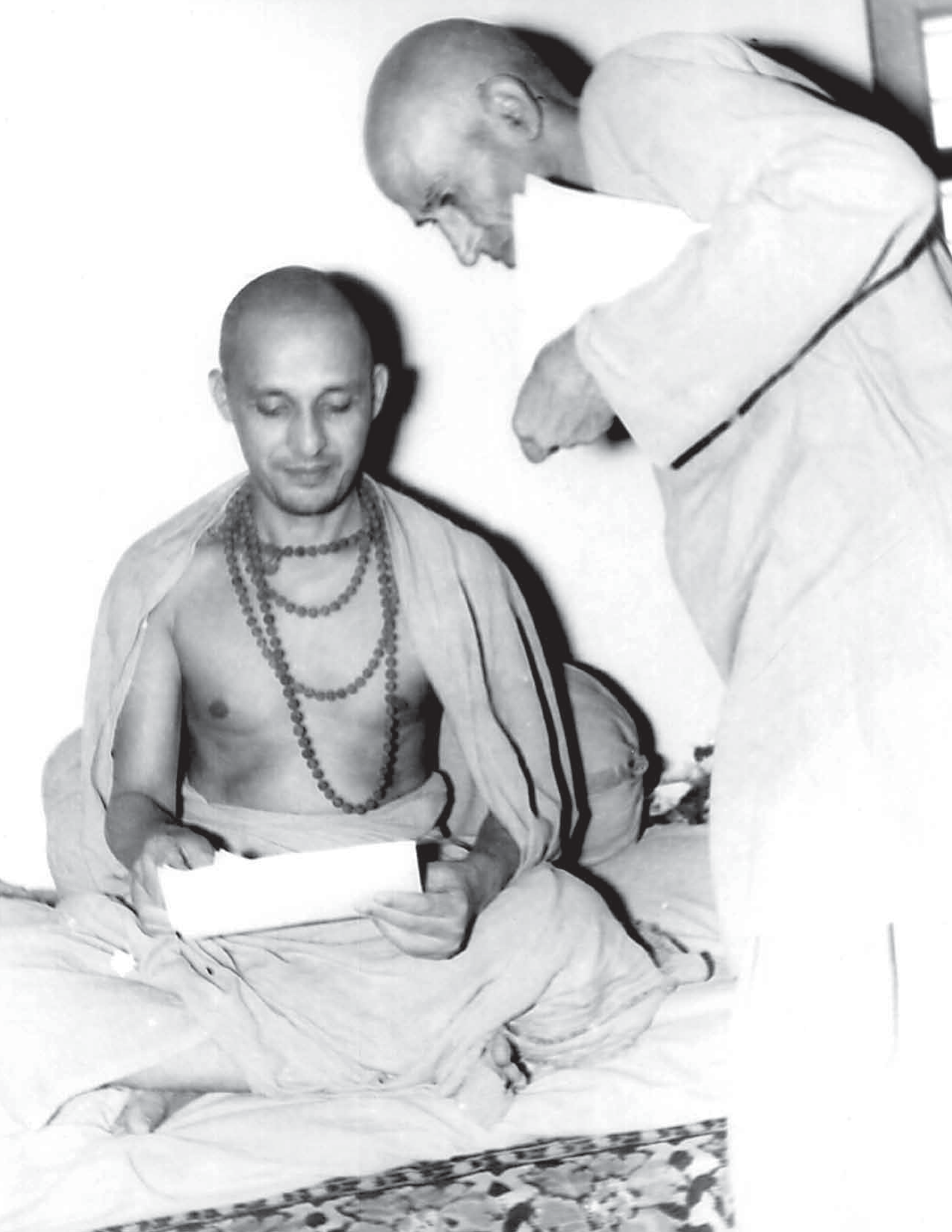
O Lord,
Is there any hope of you in this life?
If there is, then where are you?
Where is your abode?
If there is any vision of you, where is it?

How long I have waited!
Is it not long enough?
When I am seeking you,
Why do you hide from me?
Are you afraid of me?
If I am afraid of you, there is no excuse.
Still I must seek you, with all my fears.

You are so mighty, so high and so wide
I cannot see either your source or your greatness.
I run to catch you and your love
But there are difficulties, problems.
Bound by illusion, by the seeds of desire
I look back to see if I have lost you
Or taken the wrong path.
Then where am I and for whom will I be?

My life is passing like a river,
But still something blocks my path and your vision.
Sometimes I know that you have come
But my eyes cannot see, my ears cannot hear.
Will there be any place for me
When this life is exhausted?

You are the one who will lead me to you
But still I am waiting, waiting for you.
You have eyes for the whole world.
But of my two eyes, with one I look forward
And with the other I look back
For I fear that I have lost you.
"You have not lost me,
I am always with you
No matter where you may be.
Because of illusion, you do not see me
Because of illusion, you cannot hear me.
But always, I am there with you.
Guiding you, sometimes chiding you.
Do you not feel the love of me?
Do you not know I am there with you?
Because of illusion, you cannot yet see
But illusion will go
And you will be with me."



Declaration of Freedom

Whatever may seem to bind or limit you,
Declare yourself free from it now.
There is nothing in the outer world,
No person, no condition, no circumstance
That can take away the freedom
Which is yours in spirit.
Instead of wishing that you were free
To live your life differently,
Accept the truth that right now
You are free.
Free to change your thinking,
Free to change your outlook on life,
Free to be all that you long to be.

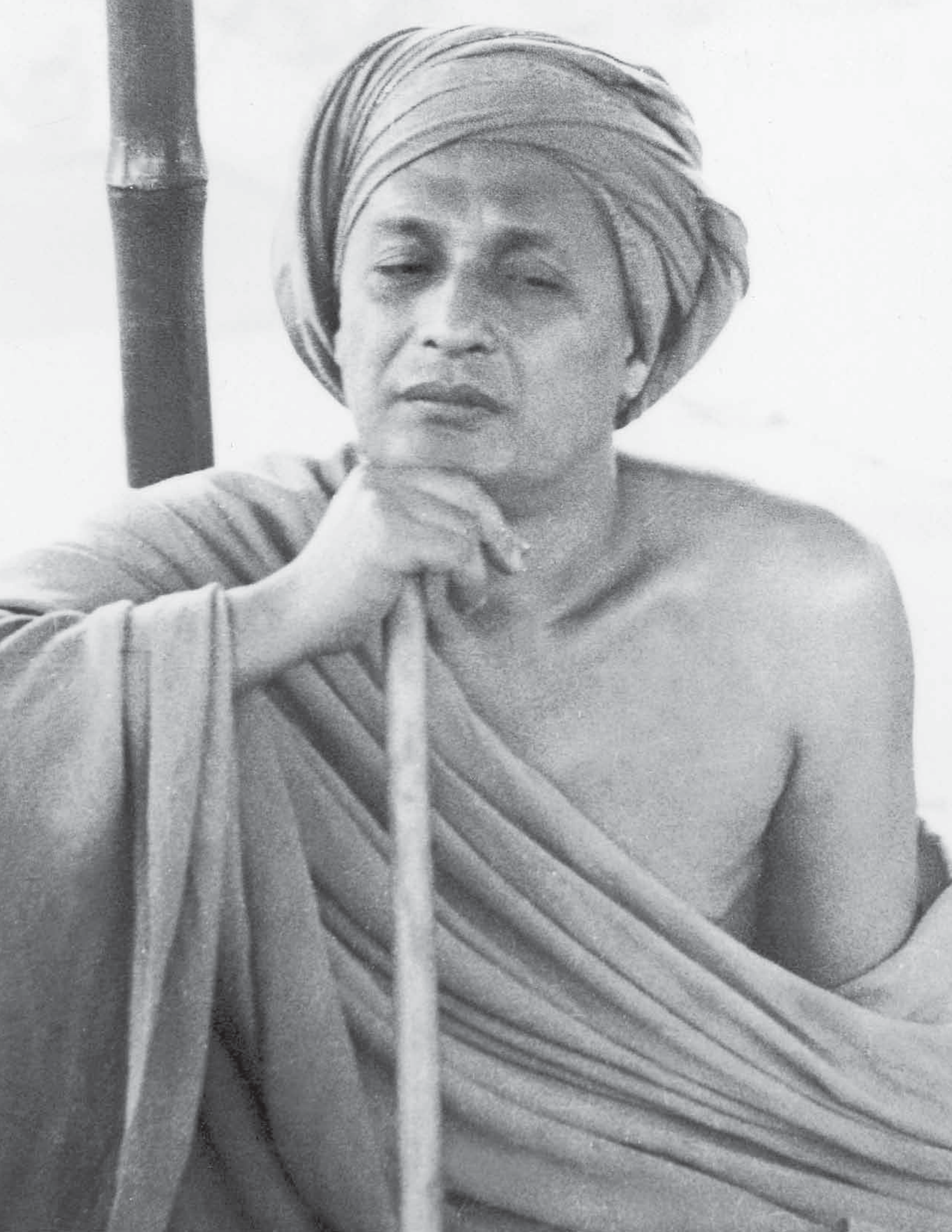
Make this a day of freedom,
Spiritual freedom.
Declare yourself free from anxiety and fear,
Free from any belief in luck or limitation.





All Is You

You are in the innermost depths of all beings,
You are in the hidden recesses of the mind.
You are at all levels of every being,
At all times you are the glory I find.
You are in all things, all beings
That are animate, inanimate.
Your force is in all.
In all that exists there is always you,
In the stone, in the moss, the flower, the tree.
You are the source, the creator of all.
Yours is the life force which throbs in our veins,
Yours is the life force which give us the pains
We must suffer, to learn and rise up again.
You are the secret, you are the life,
You the commandment, and ours is the strife.
We learn from our errors to profit by giving,
To face up to life and the battles of living.
You know all, you know the rhyme,
You give freely in fullness, in time.
You are the golden bird that watches me
Till I from my earthly fetters break free
And discover that you are really me
And the I that I was is also thee.
You have awakened the sleeper in me,
You have uncovered the me that is thee.
You are my prana, you are my life,
You are my deliverer, the end of all strife.



Don't Call Me God

I am nothing but a replica of you,
Why do they call me God?
I am nothing but your inspiration,
Before I was a sod.
You made me everything I am,
You never told me why.
Now people always come to me,
Their love for you to satisfy.
If God is eternal, then know I have died.
If God is bliss, then know I have cried.
If God is purity from the source,
Then know that I have suffered remorse.
If God's grace is given, then know mine was not,
For my life was a struggle, and know I have fought.
I will not answer to His name again.
By calling me Him, His love you won't win.
So leave me in peace, I'm tired of lies,
For your questions I have no replies.
If God is me, then after sunrise
My form you would see crossing the skies.
They say God knows all, they say He is wise.
Only fools come to me, that much I surmise.
For I know nothing, from me you can't gain,
My intellect is tired, it's on the wane.
Some people say that God's will is law.
If that is so, then I too am in awe,
By His power of thought, the universe He designed.
Believe me such a will could never be mine.
God is omnipotent, from Him all has grown.
And I am a beggar, but my name is known.
God is unchanging, but from youth I grew old.
So don't call me God, I'm just his clay mould.



Dakshina

There is nothing that heaven does not protect,
There is nothing that earth does not sustain
And there is nothing that does not dissolve
In the fullness of time,
But consciousness.

In truth we are all interwoven
And life and death are simply one thread,
One line seen from opposite ends.
In reaping, the plant's death gives life,
For we sacrifice what is conscious and alive
In the pure gifts of earth
To nourish the higher life
And purer consciousness of mankind.
Holy Mother, Shakti, cherishes all
And provides for each
The sustenance that is fitting.
The forces of heaven and earth nourish all
And it is in harmony with dharma
That where there is excess it shall be taken
To make good what is deficient,
That the thirsting mouth shall be quenched
And the outstretched, empty hand shall be filled.
By sharing earth's bounty in the spirit of ahimsa,
Both body and soul will be abundantly satisfied.

He who pursues the path of yoga
Takes what in himself is excessive
And places it in the service of humanity
As dakshina to Shiva.
Thus he preserves his body and fulfils his life
In blissful communion with the Supreme.





Where is My Path?

What is the source
And where does it end?
What is this journey
And where is my path?
Constantly moving,
Unceasingly yearning,
Wondering, wandering,
Watching and searching.
The dawn brightens slowly.
The road lies before me.
I cannot look back,
For the sun draws me forward.
My feet walk despite me.
Time has no bearing
And the light is ever increasing.
Thoughts of the past
And hopes for the future
Fade in the distance,
But the centre shines brightly.
As the waves rise higher,
There is no sense of feeling.
Just an awareness of now
And the stillness of being.



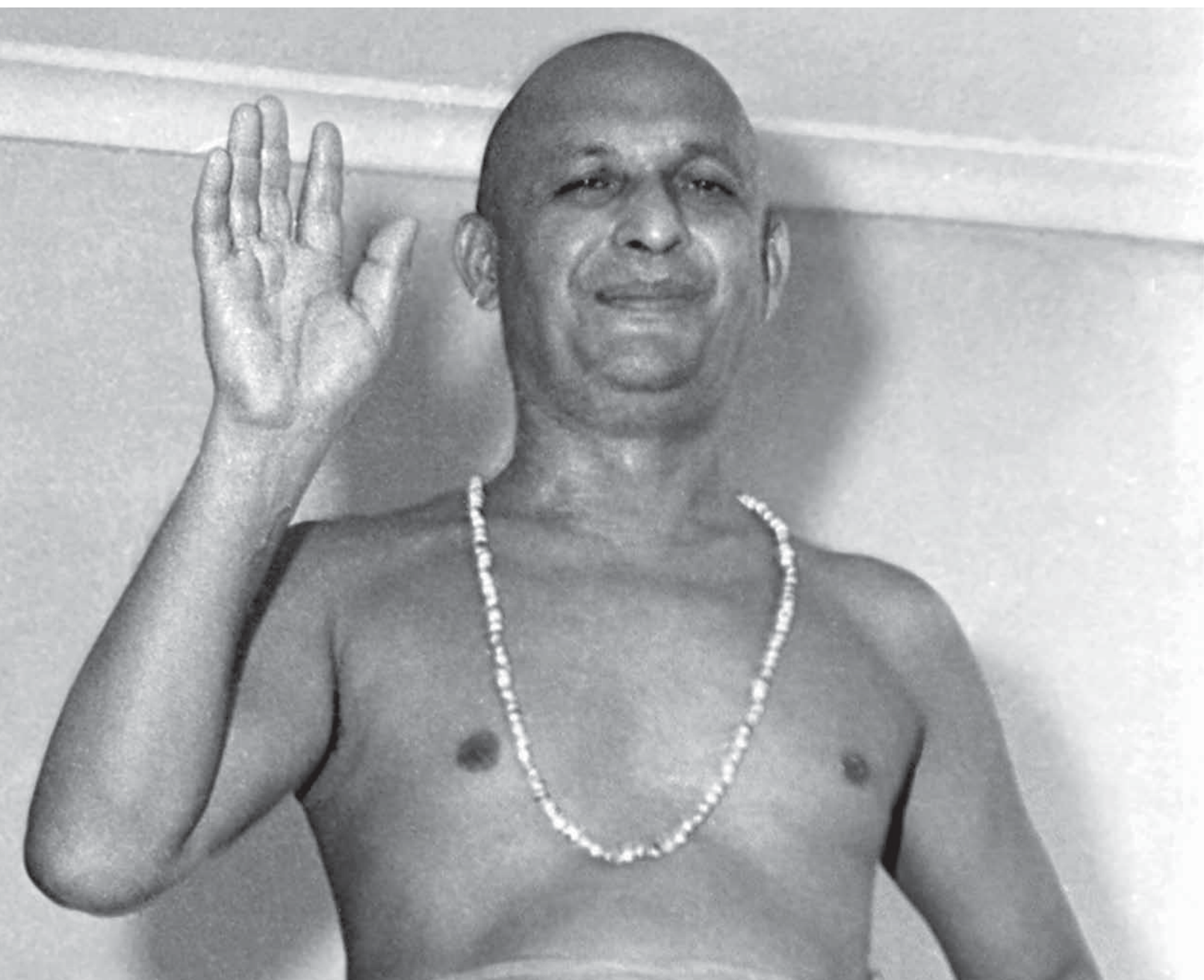
Guru Poornima Message

On Guru Poornima
The guru touches the heart
Of all disciples.
Be ready,
Open your heart and mind.
Be aware of receiving the blessing.
There are two circumstances in life,
Favourable and unfavourable.
The tamoguni always seeks the favourable,
The rajoguni always tries to change
The unfavourable to the favourable,
But the sattoguni
Maintains balance in both.
All of us want happiness and favourable conditions
But circumstances change,
Not according to our own will
But due to conditions
Over which we have no control.
The desire to modify situations
To suit our individual purposes
Indicates an inability to tolerate
Unfavourable circumstances.

When family members are pleased with us,
We are happy.
If they disagree and oppose us,
We feel sad.
This means that we can only progress
In favourable conditions.
As soon as difficulties arise,
Our path is blocked.

But the truth is
Favourable circumstances make us weak,
While difficult situations sharpen the mind and make us
strong.
Adversity nourishes mental strength, equilibrium and
stability.
Absorbed in one-pointedness,
Be unaffected by change.
Only the progress made while facing opposition is everlasting.





If anyone insults us,
Our first impulse is to strike back
Or throw off the unpleasantness.
Everyone does this.
Then what is the difference between us and the insult?
When people accuse and blame us,
What is the use of getting irritated
And trying to prove them wrong?

Better not to even discuss it with others.
What does it matter if people think highly of us or not?
If we cannot bear insult, blame and abuse
Then we lack tolerance,
Endurance and mental equilibrium.
When we cannot even stand up to these little things in life,
How will we manage to overcome
The big oppositions and obstacles?
How will we ever be able to cross the great barrier
Of ego, lust, anger, greed, attachment and desire?
Be attentive now and listen carefully
To this Guru Poornima message.

At each step of life,
Learn to maintain inner peace.
Let the whole world abuse you,
But remain balanced within.

You may wish to be always in
Favourable and inspiring places and circumstances.
But remember, changing times and situations beyond your control
Will one day move you easily into miserable conditions.
At that time you will realize
That your efforts to keep yourself
In comfortable and pleasant surroundings,
Even your spiritual sadhana,
Have all been in vain.
Make a firm resolve now:
O God! Put me in miserable circumstances.
Give me the garland of insults and abuse.
Pinch my ego with taunts, blame and shame
That I may become strong enough
To stand up to any adversity
Without losing balance.
May I be so strong
That I can maintain
Equilibrium, stability and inner peace
In the face of any odds, forever.

And if you are still desirous of affection,
Love, appreciation, praise and recognition,
Then from today leave this sadhana path.
Be firm in your resolve, either way.





The Grain of Truth

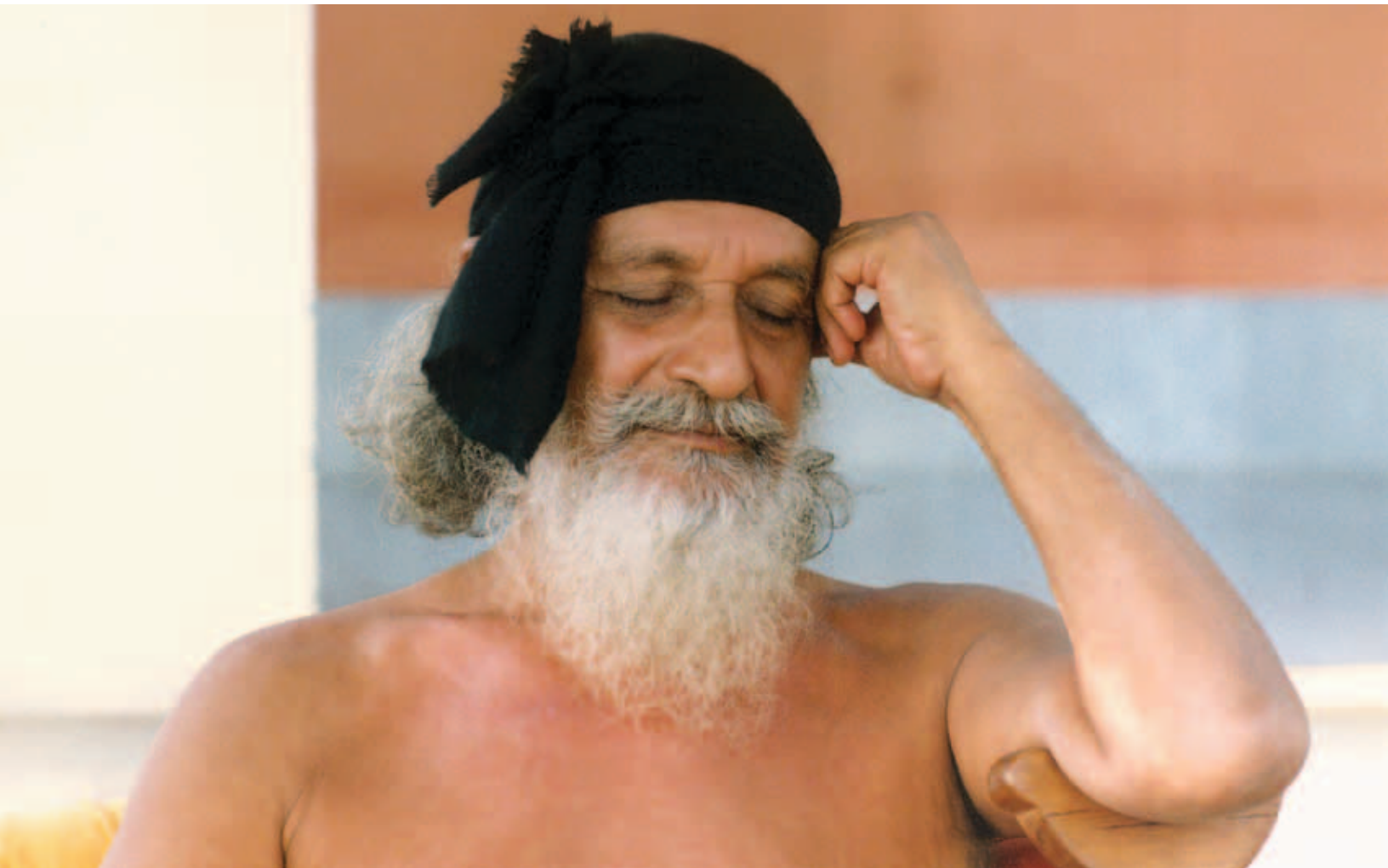
It has been told from generation to generation,
And so it is sung by the bards and sages,
That he who would enjoy life
And gain enlightenment
Shall partake of the grain of truth.
This grain springs from bindu, the primal seed,
Rooted in the rich earth of mooladhara,
Watered by swadhisthana's unconsciousness,
Ripened in blazing manipura sunlight,
Fortified by the pure air of vishuddhi.
The wise man mills the harvest
Between the stones of austerity and service
And collecting the yield of unshakeable vision,
He kneads it with the amrita of intuition,
Baking the sacrificial loaf
In the fires of renunciation.
Yoking his soul to the powers of the cosmos,
The sage shares this yoga with men of worth,
By means of them reaching myriads of people.
Christian communion, Moslem loaf of hospitality,
Bhiksha of Buddhists, Shiva's prasada.
Yoga is the lifebread,
Broken to sustain the spirit of all mankind.
For even a single taste transforms
Every meal into a feast of truth,
All of life into
A celebration of awareness.

Ode to Tapasya

Aeons passed. The tapasvi was scorched by the fire of the sun. In winter he shivered to the bone. And when it rained he remained drenched in water. Decades flew by yet he remained in tapasya. He lived on leaves, water and air, and one day Tapasya appeared before him in his small dilapidated hut. Her radiance fell on his worn-out body and his life shone and glittered with a new light. At the sight of Tapasya, the tapasvi became overjoyed. Songs burst forth from his lips. His life was anointed.

O Tapasya!
Where have you come from today
To sing your song of celebration
In the torn and tattered hut of this ascetic?
For which bygones
Have you come to offer solace
With auspicious symbols in your hand:
A golden lamp
And nine crest jewels
On a platter of glittering gems?

This ascetic has endured heat
And on shivering winter nights the cold too.





Many storms and hurricanes
Have swept past his dhuni.
Its flames rose high and fell.
Many oblations have fallen into these flames.
And how many lives have been nurtured by it?
Many sorrows of the suffering
Have been burnt here too
And their ill-fortune averted.

This tattered geru robe
Has seen precious wealth.
Many have bowed and prostrated before it.
But this tapasvi remained
Unmoved, unaffected, unclad,
Swallowed up by water,
Scorched by the heat of burning hot sands,
Consumed by the fire of his austerity.
This tapasvi remained enraptured in meditation.
He lived on leaves, water and wind.

But now if the wind is silent,
Let there be no wind,
For this tapasvi's meditation has deepened.



O Tapasya!
This ascetic has read the Vedas,
Shastras, Vedanta and Nyaya too.
Logic dawned
And his intellect was formed.
Jnana was awakened
And meditation flourished.
The spirits were under his control
And he became endowed with the power of mantra.
He overcame the desire for pleasure
And emancipation
For he had become liberated and pure.

Renouncing all pleasures and ceremonies,
Today he walks on the sacred path.
The mere flick of his eyebrow
Can send all of creation
To total destruction.
For he is the emperor of all that he beholds –
These mountains and oceans and Shivalaya too.
Power and fame are now spreading
Like blazing fire,
Consuming the earth
And lighting up the sky.
And today you have come carrying a lamp,
Awakening a new glow in this hut,
Compelling compassion to flow
In the hard life of this ascetic.

Jnana will now awaken
In the heart of this ascetic
And celebration will fill his life.
Standing at the threshold of many lives,
Today this tapasvi will tune his instrument.
For you have come to awaken him
And to make him laugh.
Today this ascetic is content.
Let us go and celebrate
In the torn and tattered hut of this ascetic.
Let us all celebrate!





The Path of the Disciple

When the disciple achieves union
Of body, mind and soul
The world of duality exists no more.
At this moment the eyes become steady
And life comes to a stop at one point.
There, neither sadhana, penance nor detachment remain.
When desires are extinguished,
When the name is one with every breath,
Lightning flashes into each corner of the darkness
And a new light is shed.
Having obtained the gift of life,
How delightful is its splendour, its sound!
In meditation the world of ego has been submerged.
When discipleship is achieved
Who is guru and who is chela?
There is pride in the path of greatness,
The indication of duality, momentary illusion.
Thorny is its path, with flying dust
On rocky ground, the intricacies of guru.
The path of the disciple is great,
Made of love, surrender, union
And full of fragrance as a bed of roses
Swaying to the lilt of sweet music.
A strange moment in which sorrow and grief come to an end,
When complexities are burned, flowers bloom
And thorns lose their prickly,
Nor is there dust or rocky ground.
When the spring of sadhana gushes forth,
Clear water flows
And in the cradle of the mind
An intellect, a siddhi opens up
And there is song forever – samadhi.



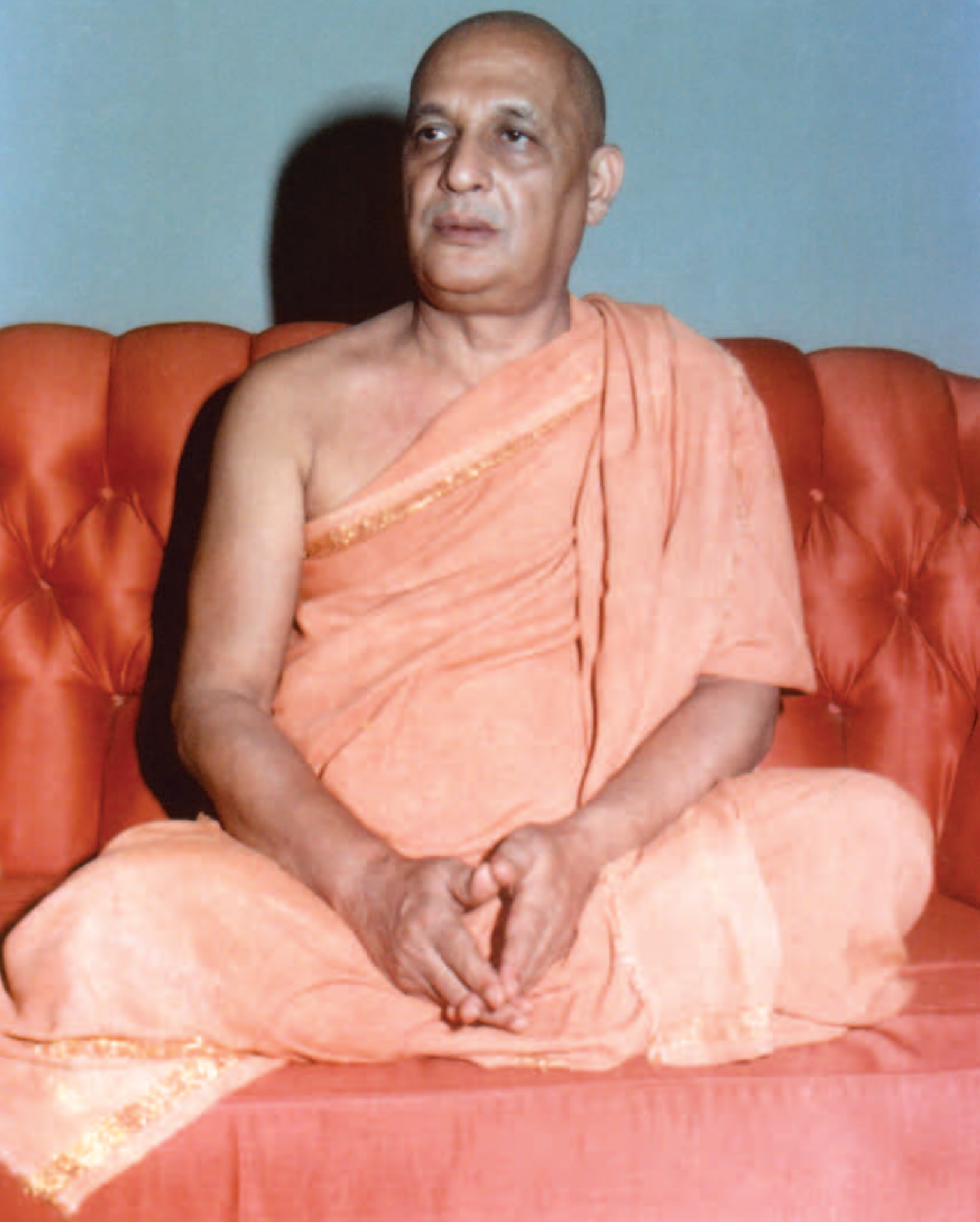
Surrender

I surrender my heart to you
Whom I don't know.
I surrender my mind to you
In whom I never believed.
O God, O Swami, now I have come
To surrender my whole self to you.



After wandering for ages
Amidst problems and confusion,
Successes and failures,
Ego and desires,
At last when the sun is scorching
And the nights frozen
And the way is blind to follow,
I am seeking your light,
Guidance and warmth.
It is true that I neglected you
And never even accepted your existence.
I disliked those who loved you.
O God, I considered my desires more important than you.
And I don't want to hide this from you,
In my mind I never wanted to remember you.
But now I am completely frustrated.
My body, mind, intellect and ego are utterly exhausted.
I want to end this fruitless outward journey
And live in joy with my own existence.
O my guide, you have saved me from the stormy ocean,
From fearful dark nights
And the ups and downs of my life.
You have sung a song of hope for me
And by that song I have come this far.
But now my body is getting tired,
My mind is becoming restless, my energy is low,
My plans I cannot carry through.
O my beloved, when you come and sit with me,
Then I will have reached the end of my journey.

O my inner light,
Come, come.
Take me from delusion to truth,
From darkness to light,
From death to life.
In stillness get me close to you
And take me with you,
Into you.
For you.



Diwali Message

Diwali comes every year,
But the darkness remains
So Diwali comes and goes away.
Good thoughts come to us every day,
But ignorance prevents them
So they leave us for another occasion.
My hopes are twinkling in distant skies,
While failures envelop the hopes all
around.
Lights, will you eternally fight with
darkness?
I cherish many hopes for you.
Messengers, explode them not.
Shed every drop of life
But forget not and forget not.
Within you there is the darkness of ages
And a small Light in the heart resides.
Enlighten your life with that Light!
You are holding the last chance,
The storm is ferocious, the night is dark.
Come with me
Or go forever.
How long and how far
Will you be spellbound?
Should you not follow me at once?
Life without Light is light,
Realization is real and eternal Light.
Love leads to the realm of Light.
Change, Oh change at once the whole!
Change your thoughts, change your mood,
Change your being, until you become me!
Thus spread the message of Satyam.







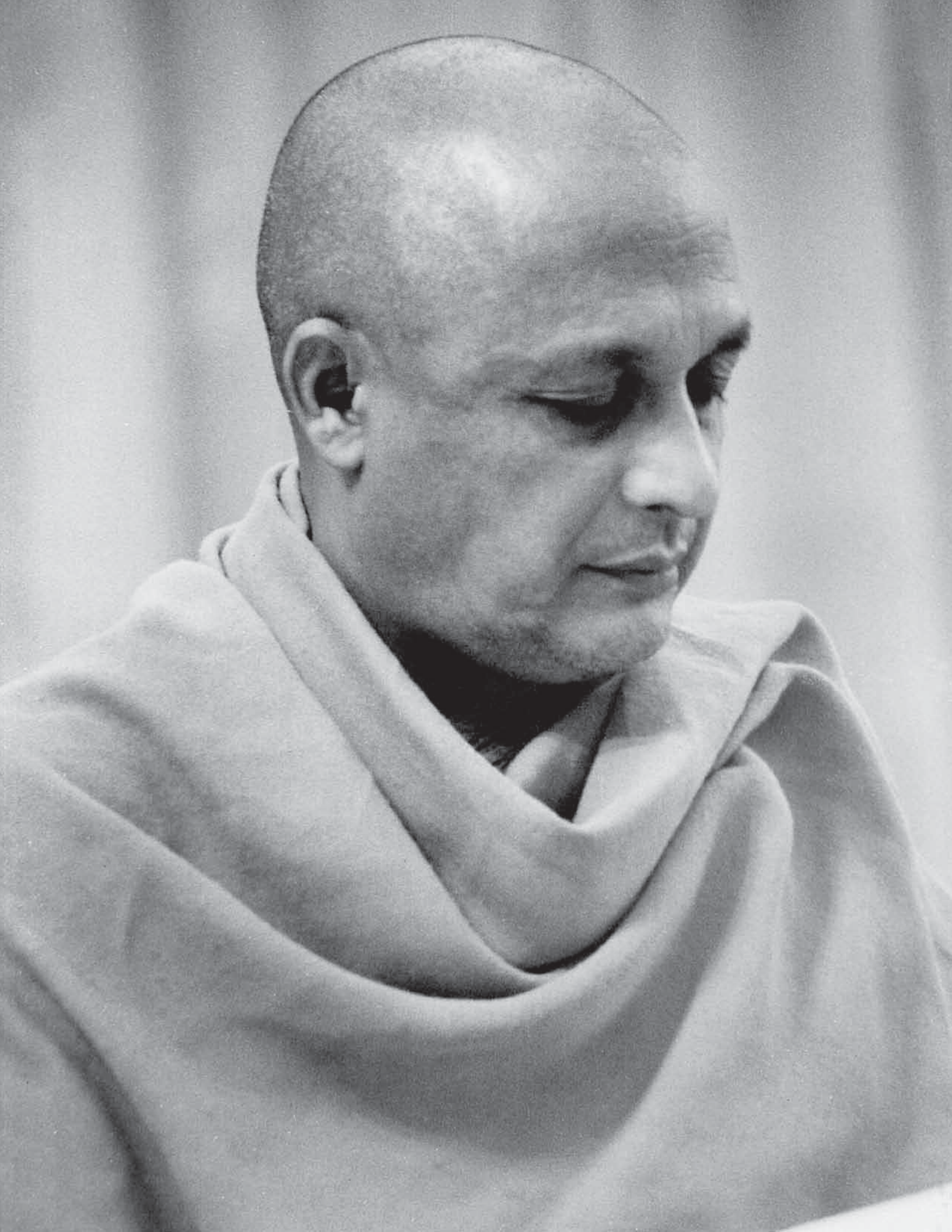
Guru Poornima

Guru Poornima!
Revive the zeal.
Refresh the mind.
Dedicate anew.
Resolve tangibly.
Test your sincerity, love and purity.
Offer your restlessness to me.
Guru Poornima is your rebirth day – be ready.
Empty yourself so that you can be filled with music.
Bathe in nectar and await the rising sun.
As darkness disappears, shake your body and mind.
Let the old samskaras drop away.
Tune in with me on the spiritual plane
And begin to live a beautiful new life.



Let Me Roam

With nothing on the body
And with nothing in my hands,
Let me roam on the bank of the Ganga
With the name of Shiva on my lips
And the thought of Devi and Durga in my mind.
Let me not even know that I exist,
And when I die
I will not know that I am dying.



Impenetrable Barrier

Confronted by an impenetrable barrier,
The future obscured by the weight of past struggles
Now has become torment and strain,
An effort to fulfil hopes and desires
That cannot be attained.
What are you seeking beyond your confusion?
Your mind is broken, shattered, destroyed.
Blindly in darkness you grope for the pieces
To try to remake an impossible dream.
For what you have lost, you never had gained.
Only fantasy patterns remain.

Now where will you turn?
Oppressed and bewildered,
Tension created, energy dissipated,
You rule not your thoughts,
Command not your actions,
So how can you make your destiny clear?
This pattern is different.
As I watch in the sunlight, its petals unfold,
Its motion is endless,
Its glory unceasing.
I am not its master,
But I give myself to it
And float on the waves of a translucent ocean.
It surrounds and protects me
And opens my vision
To horizons beyond my capacity to see.
Yet it is not my image
For I am lost within it.
Within it is all
And all becomes one.
Grasping the strings of the universe,
The world turns to its tune
To reflect and resound
With the soul of creation.



Freedom from Vrittis

We can live freely within the essence of nature
Or stay in the confines of individual consciousness.
Our mind is modified by right and wrong knowledge,
Fancy, sleep and memory.
Neither right nor wrong knowledge brings wisdom.
Fancy is not based on reality.
Sleep fails to release awareness.
Memory clings, giving no freedom.

Some of these things are painful,
Some are not painful,
But burn them altogether and find peace.
Each day watch the colours of your mind
Until the light shines clearly
And you see straight through
The cravings of the senses.
Thus you will win freedom from experience
Which carves you to its form,
Release from desire which eats you from within.

Becoming whole and still
You can reflect
The world within your own self,
And like the mountain lake, spontaneously reveal
The beauty of snow-capped peaks, the sun and the moon,
Yet still be filled with
The living waters of bliss.
Though saints are born in samadhi,
All can work towards this goal
With faith, strong will, intelligence.

If you want this very much
We will be together soon.
If the urge within you continues to grow
We will unite in samadhi.
By devotion to the Lord
We will be one.
God lives above the causal world
Untouched by actions and consequences.
In Him is the seed of infinite omniscience.
He is the Guru of all gurus,
He is Aum.

Live in the meaning of Aum with each breath,
Thus your awareness throws light
On the inner consciousness.
When this is done,
What problem remains?





When Trials Come

Fortunate was Christ,
Who was crucified,
Fortunate were Socrates and Mansoor.
What about Mira and Dayananda?
How fortunate are we when we find
Ourselves allured by praises and favours,
Flowers and merits?
Misfortunes unsurpassed!
When trials come to our door,
We cry out aloud
To help kick them away.
Yes, we only kick divine chances.
So, do you understand?



Little Children

Little children and young roots
Must get protection
And they must also have
The means to develop.
Ashram life is therefore
A necessity for children
Where they can have conditions
Necessary for their development.
Work of the whole day
Done scientifically,
All this will help them
Develop their personality.



Your Soul and My Soul

Transcend sorrow and misery!
I am ringing you up,
But where have you gone?
To attend the feast of indriyas?

Your soul is forever with me, I with you.
We talk of higher things,
And not of body, which is not all-pervading.
Your soul and my soul,
Though separated by time and space are one.
Not that you have to join the two in one;
Just rend asunder the separating factors
By understanding and sadhana.
And when the wall is gone and the veil removed,
You shall forget who was who.
For river would have become ocean.



Guru and Turiya

Hari Om, to the Guru as a sadhaka,
Whose atma illumines with its fullest splendour.
To Him all the knowledge
Of different levels of consciousness follows.
All enjoy the awake, dream and sleeping states,
But few experience the turiya state beyond these three.
Guru is the knower of turiya.
Whether one becomes wise, strong, famous,
Siddha, the knower of scriptures, the conquerer of the world,
Virtuous, brahmin or kshatriya,
These are not the qualifications of an enlightened Guru,
But the qualifications of a common man.
Guru is the only one who experiences that turiya
In the same way as we experience the waking,
The dreaming and the sleeping states.
Today we worship Him and remember Him
Who has already expanded his awareness
In that dimension which is beyond the realms of darkness.
All the saints should be worshipped
Because they are the mediums of the resplendent divinity.
But let me speak out the truth:
The darkness yet prevails.
They are still in the same darkness
Where you and I are vainly searching for the light.
Then how can they lead us across the ocean of the world?
Like the blind leading the blind, which is not the right path.
Therefore today let us search again and again for Him
Who experiences the full moonbeams,
The knower of the Self, the embodiment of knowledge,
A true friend to lead us through.
Keep on searching for that illumined Guru
Until we find Him.



Power of Mind

Mind is the creator,
Mind is the destroyer,
Mind is sankalpa, finally.
Mind concentrated,
Brought into focus,
Is willpower!
Mind broken into ten, twenty
Or a thousand pieces
Is vikshepa,
Is distraction,
Is depression,
Is breakdown,
Is schizophrenia,
Is madness!

Will of God

Live in the will of God;
God is first and last,
Ultimately His will comes true;
You can do nothing,
You are only an instrument.







The Path of Heroes

My path is not the path of those
Who know how to whisper in the ear only,
But the path of the brave, of heroes and proud men,
The path of those who are prepared
To die for it.



You Must be Ready

When love is strong
And you yourselves are steady,
Then communication can be possible.
Otherwise you will be shaken
If I enter your room at night.
You must be ready.



Soaring High

The hamsa has flown away,
Soaring high with its wings spread
Across the infinite sky.
It has been searching for its ultimate abode
Since many yugas.
Knowledge it has received in abundance
From the jnanis of the world,
Grace and blessings of the divine too.
Still today it is restlessly flapping
Its wings in search.
Looking down at its own creation
Of the three worlds
Etched across the horizon,
Yes, it is flying high,
And flying ceaselessly in search,
Witnessing the world down below as leela.
Alone, all alone, in the infinite sky
My soul is flying to unite with its beloved.





Two Beautiful Flowers

My wishes have all matured,
I have written the whole song.

Today, my songs rise
from all directions of the world.
And in the limelight of the moon and stars,
flows the light of my prana.

All the strings have been strummed,
I have written the whole song.
My verses resound in the cosmos,
I am suffused by the tones.

All the Vedas have been sung,
all the shastras have been written.
Today I have given the prana of my
jnana to all.

I have given you the vermillion of my forehead,
in the form of two beautiful flowers.
My wishes have all matured,
I have written the whole song.

Synopsis of the Life of Swami Satyananda Saraswati

Swami Satyananda Saraswati was born in 1923 at Almora (Uttaranchal) into a family of farmers. His ancestors were warriors and many of his kith and kin down the line, including his father, served in the army and police force.

However, it became evident that Sri Swamiji had a different bent of mind, as he began to have spiritual experiences at the age of six, when his awareness spontaneously left the body and he saw himself lying motionless on the floor. Many saints and sadhus blessed him and reassured his parents that he had a very developed awareness. This experience of disembodied awareness continued, which led him to many saints of that time such as Anandamayi Ma. Sri Swamiji also met a tantric bhairavi, Sukhman Giri, who gave him *shaktipat*, transmission of energy, and directed him to find a guru in order to stabilize his spiritual experiences.

In 1943, at the age of 20, he renounced his home and went in search of a guru. This search ultimately led him to Swami Sivananda Saraswati at Rishikesh, who initiated him into the Dashnami order of sannyasa on 12th September 1947 on the banks of the Ganges and gave him the name of Swami Satyananda Saraswati.

In those early years at Rishikesh, Sri Swamiji immersed himself in guru seva. At that time the ashram was still in its infancy and even the basic amenities such as buildings and toilets were absent. The forests surrounding the small ashram were infested with snakes, scorpions, mosquitoes, monkeys and even tigers. The ashram work too was heavy and hard, requiring Sri Swamiji to toil like a labourer carrying bucket loads of water from the Ganga up to the ashram and digging canals from the high mountain streams down to the ashram many kilometres away, in order to store water for constructing the ashram.

Rishikesh was then a small town and all the ashram requirements had to be brought by foot from far away. In addition there were varied duties, including the daily pooja at Vishwanath Mandir, for which Sri Swamiji would go into the dense forests to collect bael leaves. If anyone fell sick there was no medical care and no one to attend to them. All the sannyasins had to go out for bhiksha or alms as the ashram did not have a mess or kitchen.

Of that glorious time when he lived and served his guru, Sri Swamiji says that it was a period of total communion and surrender to the guru tattwa, whereby he felt that just to hear, speak of or see Swami Sivananda was yoga. But most of all through his nishkama seva he gained an enlightened understanding of the secrets of spiritual life and became an authority on yoga, tantra, Vedanta, Samkhya and kundalini yoga. Swami Sivananda said of Swami Satyananda, "Few would exhibit such intense vairagya at such an early age. Swami Satyananda is full of the Nachiketa element." Although he had a photographic memory, a keen intellect, and his guru described him as a versatile genius, Swami Satyananda's learning did not come from books and study in the ashram. His knowledge unfolded from within through his untiring seva as well as his abiding faith and love for Swami Sivananda, who told him, "Work hard and you will be purified. You do not have to search for the light; the light will unfold from within you."

In 1956, after spending twelve years in guru seva, Swami Satyananda set out as a wanderer (*parivrajaka*). Before his departure Swami Sivananda taught him kriya yoga and gave him the mission to "spread yoga from door to door and shore to shore".

As a wandering sannyasin, Swami Satyananda travelled extensively by foot, train, horse, boat, bullock-cart and elephant throughout India, Afghanistan, Burma, Nepal and Ceylon. During his sojourns, he met people from all strata of society and began formulating his ideas on how to spread the yogic techniques. Although his formal education and spiritual tradition was that of Vedanta, the task of disseminating yoga became his movement.

His mission unfolded before him in 1962 when he founded the International Yoga Fellowship Movement with the aim of creating a global fraternity of yoga. As his mission was revealed to him at Munger, Bihar, he established the Bihar School of Yoga in Munger. Before long his teachings

were rapidly spreading throughout the world. From 1963 to 1982, Swami Satyananda took yoga to each and every corner of the world, to people of every caste, creed, religion and nationality. He guided millions of seekers in all continents and established centres and ashrams in different countries.

His frequent travel took him to Australia, New Zealand, Japan, China, the Philippines, Hong Kong, Malaysia, Thailand, Singapore, USA, England, Ireland, France, Italy, Germany, Switzerland, Denmark, Sweden, Yugoslavia, Poland, Hungary, Bulgaria, Slovenia, Russia, Czechoslovakia, Greece, Saudi Arabia, Kuwait, Bahrain, Dubai, Iraq, Iran, Pakistan, Afghanistan, Colombia, Brazil, Uruguay, Chile, Argentina, Santo Domingo, Puerto Rico, Sudan, Egypt, Nairobi, Ghana, Mauritius, Alaska and Iceland. One can easily say that Sri Swamiji hoisted the flag of yoga in every nook and cranny of the world.

Nowhere did he face opposition, resistance or criticism. His way was unique. Well-versed in all religions and scriptures, he incorporated their wisdom with such a natural flair that people of all faiths were drawn to him. His teaching was not just confined to yoga but covered the wisdom of many millenniums.

Sri Swamiji brought to light the knowledge of tantra, the mother of all philosophies, the sublime truths of Vedanta, the Upanishads and Puranas, Buddhism, Jainism, Sikhism, Zoroastrianism, Islam and Christianity, including a modern scientific analysis of matter and creation. He interpreted, explained and gave precise, accurate and systematic explanations of the ancient systems of tantra and yoga, revealing practices hitherto unknown.

It can be said that Sri Swamiji was a pioneer in the field of yoga because his presentation had a novelty and freshness. Ajapa japa, antar mouna, pawanmuktasana, kriya yoga and prana vidya are just some of the practices which he introduced in such a methodical and simple manner that it became possible for everyone to delve into this valuable and hitherto inaccessible science for their physical, mental, emotional and spiritual development.

Yoga nidra was Sri Swamiji's interpretation of the tantric system of nyasa. With his deep insight into this knowledge, he was able to realize the potential of this practice of nyasa in a manner which gave it a practical utility for each and every individual, rather than just remaining a prerequisite for worship. Yoga nidra is but one example of his acumen and penetrating insight into the ancient systems.

Sri Swamiji's outlook was inspiring, uplifting as well as in-depth and penetrating. Yet his language and explanations were always simple and easy to comprehend. During this period he authored over eighty books on yoga and tantra which, due to their authenticity, are accepted as textbooks in schools and universities throughout the world. These books have been translated into Italian, German, Spanish, Russian, Yugoslavian, Chinese, French, Greek, Iranian and most other prominent languages of the world.

People took to his ideas and spiritual seekers of all faiths and nationalities flocked to him. He initiated thousands into mantra and sannyasa, sowing in them the seed to live the divine life. He exhibited tremendous zeal and energy in spreading the light of yoga, and in the short span of twenty years Sri Swamiji fulfilled the mandate of his guru.

Thus, by 1983, Swami Satyananda's tireless efforts to spread the message of yoga had touched the whole world. He had also trained a core of sannyasins to transmit the yogic techniques for different needs and cultures, and they had established many Satyananda Yoga ashrams, schools and centres around India and the world. Bihar School of Yoga was well established and recognized throughout the world as a reputed and authentic centre for learning yoga and the spiritual sciences. More than that, yoga had moved out of the caves of hermits and ascetics into the mainstream of society. Whether in hospitals, jails, schools, colleges, business houses, the sporting and fashion arenas, the army or navy, yoga was in demand. Scientific research into yogic techniques was being

conducted all over the world. Professionals such as lawyers, engineers, doctors, business magnates and professors were incorporating yoga into their lives. So too were the masses. Yoga had become a household word.

Then, at the peak of his accomplishment, Sri Swamiji renounced all that he created. He appointed Swami Niranjanananda as his successor and gave him the mandate to continue the work, and then began to gradually withdraw from the teaching and administering of the yoga movement. In 1988, Sri Swamiji renounced disciples, establishments and institutions, and departed from Munger, never to return again. He went on a pilgrimage through the *siddha teerthas* (spiritual centres) of India as a mendicant, without any personal belonging or assistance from the ashram or institutions he had founded.

At Tryambakeshwar, before the jyotirlingam of Lord Mrityunjaya, his ishta devata, he renounced his garb and lived as an avadhoota. And here, at the source of the Godavari River near Neel Parbat, while performing chaturmas anushthana, his future place of abode and sadhana were revealed to him. He received the mandate for a new mission, to progress toward the cosmic dimension through unbroken remembrance and repetition of the Lord's name with every breath. On 8th September, 1989, birthday of his guru Swami Sivananda, he heard the voice loud and clear, "Chitabhoomi", and saw a vision of the place where he was intended to go.

Swami Satyananda did not choose Rikhia, it was chosen for him. After leaving Munger, while roaming the length and breadth of India, he came across many beautiful places where he was invited to take up residence. However, in keeping with his style of surrender he awaited the mandate of his ishta and guru, which guided him to the small nondescript, unknown village of Rikhia, on the outskirts of Baba Baidyanath Dham in Deoghar (Jharkhand), the *chitabhoomi* or cremation ground of Sati, consort of Shiva.

Sri Swamiji arrived at Rikhia on 23rd September 1989, at midday, the day of vernal equinox, when nature is in perfect balance as the day and night are equal. Soon after, he lit a *dhuni* or fire and called it Mahakal Chita Dhuni. Lighting a dhuni is a very ancient tradition among sadhus. It is believed that the ash from a sadhu's dhuni is very potent, for his entire day is spent in front of the dhuni and all his acts are performed with the fire as witness.

The Rikhia that Swami Satyananda arrived in was still living in the sixteenth century. There were no roads, electricity, telephones, newspapers, television or shops. However, its vibrations were pure and spiritual, providing an ideal climate for the seclusion which he imposed on himself. He began a life of intensive spiritual practice, entering the lifestyle of paramahansas who do not work for their flock and mission alone, but have a universal vision. His first anushthana commenced in 1989 during Ashwin Navaratri: the performance of ashtottar-shat-laksh (108 lakh) mantra purascharana which took him three hundred days to complete. He gave up the geru cloth and donned the kaupen, loin cloth, an important hallmark in the life of a sadhu denoting that vairagya and dispassion are an inherent part of his being. He no longer associated with any institutions, nor gave diksha, upadesha or received dakshina, but remained in seclusion and sadhana.

In a conclusive message, he told all, "I have nothing more to say to anyone and no further guidance to give. For over twenty years I have lived with the people answering their questions and helping them on their spiritual path. Now I withdraw my responsibility. Those who are receptive, they will surely benefit from what I have told them, but those who are not, they will now have to find their own way."

In 1990, he designated the sadhana sthal as Sri Panch Dashnam Paramahansa Alakh Bara, denoting it as a place where a sannyasin who has perfected himself consolidates his learning and gives it momentum to attain greater spiritual heights. The *ishta devi*, presiding goddess, of the akhara was established as Tulsi Ma, the benevolent force presiding over all spheres. Now Sri Swamiji undertook the vow of *panchagni*, the five-fire austerity, in which he performed higher sadhanas sitting before five blazing fires outdoors during the hottest months of the year. The vow culminated in 1998. The fire lit by Sri Swamiji is still burning at Rikhiapeth and is worshipped daily at sunrise and sunset with aromatic herbs amidst the chanting of vedic mantras.

In 1991, Swami Satyananda received another divine mandate: "Take care of your neighbours as I have taken care of you." Seeking to strike a balance between the personal aspect of spiritual liberation and

the social aspect of helping others, he gave Swami Niranjanananda a new task for Sivananda Math: service to and improvement of the living conditions of the tribal people in the thousands of villages surrounding Rikhiadham. Thus, from 1991 onwards, Sivananda Math undertook to finance and construct homes for the homeless, provide for clean drinking water, essential medical facilities, free clothing and household items. In the second phase of assistance, means of sustainable livelihood were provided.

In 1994, in a month-long darshan, Sri Swamiji gave a new message, of bhakti yoga. He said that the purpose of human life is to realize God through love and to serve God by helping humanity. He prophesied that while hatha yoga and raja yoga were the panacea of the twentieth century, devotion to God and bhakti yoga would be the panacea of the twenty-first.

In 1995, Sri Swamiji held the first Sat Chandi Maha Yajna, invoking the Cosmic Mother through a tantric ceremony hitherto not witnessed by common people. During this event, Sri Swamiji also passed on his spiritual and sannyasa sankalpa to Swami Niranjanananda.

In 1996, the annual event included Rama Naam Aradhana and Sita-Rama Vivaha, and in 1997, Sri Swamiji declared it as Sita Kalyanam. In 2001, for the first time he revealed that the yajna was part of the 12-year Rajasooya Yajna, a ceremony that is traditionally performed by a conqueror.

"I am performing the Rajasooya Yajna not as a conqueror of land, wealth or people, but because I was able to establish an empire of yoga, which is the need of today in our civilization," said Sri Swamiji. "Yoga works at the spiritual, mental and physical levels to improve the quality of life, and that is also the concept of prosperity in today's society. We have wealth, but we lack quality of life and peace of mind. I am performing the Rajasooya Yajna to re-establish peace of mind, to re-equip people with the riches of contentment, happiness, joy and wellbeing."

In 1998, Sri Swamiji also inspired Sivananda Math to undertake an education project. Thus scholarships were given to deserving students of Rikhia panchayat with special emphasis on the education of girls. English classes were also started at the ashram. By 2001, nearly all eligible children aged between 6–12 years of Rikhia panchayat had been adopted into the ever-expanding family of Swami Satyananda. In 2003, computer training was started. The girls, called *kanyas*, were also taught chanting of Sanskrit stotras. The boys, *batuks*, were simultaneously introduced to Gayatri mantra, Bhagavad Gita, surya namaskara, and rituals of havan and worship. Today these little children confidently conduct all the ceremonies and rituals at Rikhiapeth before thousands of devotees who come to participate in these events.

In 2004, Sivananda Ashram was formed with the main thrust of looking after the elderly and infirm, including widows. It has also undertaken a project to provide one wholesome meal a day to the children and elderly of Rikhia panchayat.

Thus, in a short span of time, a silent revolution has taken place in Rikhia. It was all made possible by a sannyasin who came to this place to live in solitude. Sri Swamiji says, "After coming to Rikhia my cataracted vision was corrected. I have lived a spiritual life for more than sixty years. I have practised every form of yoga, but ultimately I found that when I began to think about others, God began to think about me. On my guru's instructions, I lit the flame of yoga in Munger and the light of seva in Rikhia. This is the requirement of humanity today."

In 2007, Sri Swamiji announced the formation of Rikhiapeth. He said, "The Rikhia ashram will now be known as Rikhiapeth. Peeth means 'seat', an apt term for Rikhia as the instructions given to me by Swami Sivananda have culminated and fructified here. Rikhia is an ashram in the original sense of the word because here a lifestyle is lived. Swami Satyasangananda is the Peethadhishwari of Rikhiapeth and has been given the sankalpa that the three cardinal teachings of Swami Sivananda, serve, love and give, will be practised and lived here. This is the future vision of Rikhiapeth."

In 2009, after participating in and giving darshan during Sat Chandi Mahayajna and Yoga Poornima where Sri Swamiji inspired everyone to lead the righteous life and bid final farewell to the thousands who had gathered to participate in these events, he entered into mahasamadhi on the midnight of 5th December and merged into Swami Sivananda, our sadguru.



Guru-stotram

Akhaṇḍamaṇḍalākāraṃ vyāptaṃ yena charācharam.
Tatpadaṃ darśitaṃ yena tasmai śrī gurave namaḥ.

Ajñānatimirāndhasya jñānāñjanaśalākayā.
Chakṣurunmīlitaṃ yena tasmai śrī gurave namaḥ.

Gururbrahmā gururviṣṇuḥ gururdevo maheśvaraḥ.
Guruḥ sāṅkṣāt paraṃbrahma tasmai śrī gurave namaḥ.
Sthāvaraṃ jaṅgamaṃ vyāptaṃ yatkiñchit sacharācharam.
Tatpadaṃ darśitaṃ yena tasmai śrī gurave namaḥ.

Chinmayaṃ vyāpitaṃ sarvaṃ trailokyam sacharācharam.
Tatpadaṃ darśitaṃ yena tasmai śrī gurave namaḥ.

Sarvaśrutiśiroratna virājitapadāmbujaḥ.
Vedāntāmbujasūryāya tasmai śrī gurave namaḥ.

Chaitanyaṃ śāśvataṃ śāntaṃ vyomātītaṃ nirañjanaḥ.
Bindunāḍakalātītaḥ tasmai śrī gurave namaḥ.

Jñānaśakti-samārūḍhaḥ tattva-mālā vibhūṣitaḥ.
Bhukti-mukti-pradātā cha tasmai śrī gurave namaḥ.

Aneka janmasamprāpta karmabandhavidāhine.
Ātmajñāna pradānena tasmai śrī gurave namaḥ.

Śoṣaṇaṃ bhava-sindhoścha jñāpanaṃ sāra-sampadaḥ.
Gurorpādodakaṃ samyak tasmai śrī gurave namaḥ.

Na guroradhikaṃ tattvaṃ na guroradhikaṃ tapaḥ.
Tattva-jñānāt paraṃ nāsti tasmai śrī gurave namaḥ.

Mannāthaḥ śrī jagannāthaḥ madguruḥ śrī jagadguruḥ.
Madātmā sarvabhūtātmā tasmai śrī gurave namaḥ.

Gururādiranādischa guruḥ parama-daivatam.
Guroḥ parataraṃ nāsti tasmai śrī gurave namaḥ.

Dhyānamūlaṃ gurormūrttiḥ pūjāmūlaṃ gurorpadam.
Mantramūlaṃ gurorvākyaṃ mokṣamūlaṃ gurorkṛpā.

Om śāntiḥ śāntiḥ śāntiḥ

Institutions Inspired by Swami Satyananda Saraswati



International Yoga Fellowship Movement (IYFM), 1956



Bihar School of Yoga (BSY), 1963



Sivananda Math (SM), 1984



Yoga Research Foundation (YRF), 1984



Sri Panchdashnam Paramahansa Alakh Bara (PPAB), 1989



Bihar Yoga Bharati (BYB), 1994



Yoga Publications Trust (YPT), 2000



Sivananda Ashram (SA), 2006



Rikhiapeeth, 2007



Sannyasa Peeth, 2010

